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THE POWER OF THE PRESS

BY HAROLD COX

IN earlier stages of English history one of the main anxieties of lovers of liberty was to secure the freedom of the press; to-day a good many people seem more concerned to curb the power of the press. During the past few months complaints have been loud that the country is governed by a newspaper dictatorship, and the philosophers among us have begun to suggest that the press, like so many other human institutions, has changed its character as it has grown in strength — beginning as a suppliant it has developed into a tyrant. It may be so, but the recent controversy about the power of the Northcliffe press forms a somewhat narrow basis for so broad a proposition. The main facts with regard to this controversy are matters of common knowledge. It is generally well known and hardly disputed by anybody that Mr. Lloyd George owes his position as Prime Minister of the United Kingdom to the support of the newspaper press, and especially to the support of those newspapers which Lord Northcliffe controls. It is also notorious that attacks made in the press on promi-

nent soldiers and sailors have been followed by the dismissal of these high officers of state. Further, it is notorious that Lord Northcliffe has been employed by the Government on work of great public importance, involving of necessity confidential relationships with the War Cabinet; that Lord Rothermere, who is a brother of Lord Northcliffe, and also a newspaper proprietor, has been appointed in succession to two important offices; and that Lord Beaverbrook, who is again a newspaper proprietor, has received another ministerial appointment.

From these accepted facts the inference is drawn that the controllers of an important section of the press also control the Prime Minister and dictate to him the policy he shall pursue. That such a possibility should be regarded with dissatisfaction by the House of Commons is natural enough. For approximately two hundred years the House of Commons has controlled the executive government more or less completely, and the members of that House cannot be expected to regard with indifference

the loss of their most valuable power. In the debate which took place in March, the House of Commons' view of the matter was expressed by Mr. Austin Chamberlain, and a better spokesman could not have been chosen. By his straightforward action in connection with the report upon Mesopotamia, Mr. Chamberlain demonstrated that he takes a higher view of the honorable obligations of political life than is taken by the average politician. Consequently, in criticizing the relations of the Prime Minister to the press, he had the advantage of being free even from the suspicion of acting from any personal motive. That is no small matter when political issues are under discussion. In the course of his speech Mr. Chamberlain frankly admitted that the House of Commons no longer exercises the same authority, or commands the same confidence from the country, as previous parliaments have done. He went on to argue that the decline in the reputation of the House of Commons did not justify Mr. Lloyd George's subservience to the press, for the country had no more confidence in the press than it had in parliament. That is possibly true, but it does not affect the real issues involved in the relationship between the present Prime Minister and a section of the press.

It has been generally overlooked that the setting up of a non-party system of government for the purpose of carrying on the war has necessarily altered the relationship of the press to the ministry of the day. In the relatively happy years which now seem so far remote, when we had peace abroad and party warfare at home, the influential newspapers were divided on party lines. Each party had its own press, and where party issues were concerned the party press

had exactly the same standard of honor and veracity as the party politician. Everybody understood the system; few people complained; it seemed a law of nature. But the press had far less power over the ministry than that which the Northcliffe press is alleged — in the main justly — to exercise over Mr. Lloyd George's ministry. And the reason is very simple. In the first place, the opposition press in those bygone days had no direct influence at all over the government. It was the business of the opposition press, as of opposition politicians, to represent everything that the government did in the worst possible light, and therefore ministers clearly could not take their policy from that section of the press. Had they done so, the leader writers in the opposition press would quickly have discovered that some detail in the government scheme was wrong, and on the strength of that detail would have proceeded to a fresh demonstration of the absolute incapacity of the party in power. But if, for these fairly obvious reasons, the opposition press could not control the government, surely, it may be argued, the ministerial press must have had an overwhelming influence. On the contrary, the influence of the ministerial press on the policy of the government was little if at all greater than that of the opposition press, the reason being that the government did not exist by favor of the press, but by favor of the caucus.

That is the real distinction between present and past times which most of the participants in the recent controversy have tacitly ignored. They have ignored it because caucus control of the government is at least as ugly in its moral aspects, and probably more injurious to the interests of the nation, than the newspaper

control which the politicians denounce. Governments in those good old days were kept in power by an elaborate piece of living mechanism with its brain in the Whips' Office in Westminster and its tentacles stretching out to every constituency in the kingdom. The life blood of the mechanism was money, to a large extent corruptly obtained by selling titles of honor, while the tentacles were kept in a constant state of activity by a frequent distribution of 'J.P.'-ships, factory inspectorships, and minor government jobs. The machine was in daily touch with the Cabinet. Its business was to ascertain whether any suggested policy would be likely to pay from the electoral point of view, and especially whether it would command the enthusiasm of the party zealots, and at the same time attract wavering voters. Provided the machine reported that the policy meant good electoral business, the government could safely ignore any casual criticism that came from its own party organs. Indeed, such criticism would not be long maintained, for any party leader writer who had momentarily been rash enough to examine a proposed policy on its merits from the point of view of the interest of the nation would quickly be told that the matter had been fully considered and that the party must speak with one voice. Thus, in pre-war days, neither the opposition press nor the ministerial press had any effective power of control over the government of the day. As regards those newspapers which kept themselves free from party entanglements it can only be said that they possibly helped to form neutral opinion, and so served a useful public purpose, but they certainly did not control the policy of the government. Any ministry that

felt confident of maintaining its party majority in the House of Commons could snap its fingers at any section of the press, however widely read. In the final resort it was the efficiency of the caucus, not the circulation of the press, that counted.

But the whole situation was altered by the outbreak of war. The Unionists, who were then in opposition, patriotically — unlike the Whig opposition in the Napoleonic wars — offered to support the government in any measures necessary for the effective waging of war against the country's enemies. Party warfare was entirely suspended, and the government could count upon a united parliament. Later came a definite fusion of the parties for the formation of a coalition ministry. Throughout the country the Liberal and Tory caucuses declared a truce, and joined forces for the purposes of helping in war propaganda, or for other objects of national importance. The old issues had disappeared. Even the question of Home Rule, which had nearly involved the country in civil war, was postponed by agreement. The Labor Party also joined in the truce: it contributed representatives to the coalition ministry, and for a time suspended its own special activities. These fundamental changes in the attitude of political parties to one another necessarily involved a change in the functions of the press. The old business of attacking or defending this party or that on purely party lines had ceased; the only business left to the press was to criticize the government of the day from the point of view of national policy. Naturally, newspapers have differed in their interpretation of this point of view. Their criticism, indeed, would have been of little value if they had all chanted the same tune in the

same key. But, in fairness to the Northcliffe press, it must be stated that it has never failed to advocate a vigorous prosecution of the war till victory is achieved, and that it has frequently been in advance of average opinion in urging definite measures that subsequent experience has proved to be desirable. Its influence with the nation is probably due to these facts at least as much as to tricks of style intended to catch the popular taste, and to extremely clever business methods of promoting circulation.

When, therefore, the country began to feel that the coalition ministry was moving too slowly, the Northcliffe press was on strong ground in advocating a change of government. Other newspapers outside the Northcliffe group, and even opposed to it, took the same view; but the newspapers controlled by Lord Northcliffe were most skilful in beating the big drum, and in suggesting that they were the authors of a change which a large part of the nation, and also of the House of Commons, had come to desire. It is also reasonable to assume that Lord Northcliffe, in his individual capacity, counted for a good deal in the negotiations behind the scenes which led to the displacement of Mr. Asquith. At any rate, it is notorious that Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Northcliffe have long been in close coöperation, and it may safely be said that without the aid of the latter the former would never have become Prime Minister.

Having reached the pinnacle with the aid of the Northcliffe press, Mr. Lloyd George dare not dispense with that aid. For he has nothing else to depend upon. He has no party caucus behind him as previous Prime Ministers have always had. The Liberal caucus remains under the control of

Mr. Asquith, with those leading members of the Liberal Party who have joined their fortunes to his; the Tory caucus is apparently still under the control of Mr. Bonar Law. For the moment both machines are giving their support — somewhat half-heartedly — to the Lloyd George Ministry; but he cannot count on either. He has, it is rumored, been making desperate efforts to get together a party machine of his own, and the enormous multiplication of titles of honor is probably in part due to this ambition. But though money can be raked in by the sale of titles, it is impossible to build up within a few months an efficient political machine with its necessary coteries of wire-pullers and canvassers in all the principal constituencies. Except for the support of the press Mr. Lloyd George would be standing on air. That is the final explanation of the control which the Northcliffe press exercises over the Lloyd George Cabinet.

It is natural enough, as pointed out above, that members of parliament should resent this situation, and should regard as blacklegs the people who have taken their job. But from the national point of view it cannot be said that there is any obvious loss. The House of Commons in the past has kept in power ministers who were palpably working against the nation's interest. For example, not many years ago it permitted Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill to intrigue together to cut down the navy, even in opposition to the policy of the Cabinet of which they were members. Nor ought it now to be forgotten that the present House of Commons forced into law a Home Rule Act which could only have been put into operation at the cost of civil war, and which probably no single

individual on either side of St. George's Channel now wants. If we looked further back we should without difficulty find multitudes of instances where measures have been passed solely to please a political faction, and it is certain that if the House of Commons again comes under the alternating control of rival caucuses both legislation and administration will become even more partisan in character, and the general well-being of the nation will be even more frankly disregarded. The most hopeful chance of avoiding this outcome of parliamentary government dependent upon a gigantic popular electorate lies in the adoption of such measures as proportional representation and the referendum. Yet Mr. Chamberlain, who took the lead in attacking the influence of the press upon the government, is the bitterest opponent of proportional representation, and was equally violent a few years ago in opposing the introduction of the referendum. His ideal, apparently, is the unchecked tyranny of the caucus. Even the tyranny of the press is better than that.

But it is relevant to ask whether there is any necessity that the country should reconcile itself to either form of tyranny. That we must in time of war submit to the loss of a great many of our accustomed liberties is obvious; but the extent of this necessity has been exaggerated, and the press has suffered not a little from the censorship which has been established. Even the members of the Press Bureau themselves would hardly claim that their office has been a brilliant example of successful state control. Frequently the Bureau, acting on superior orders, has suppressed news of importance for no other reason than the fear that the public might be discouraged because the news was

bad. On other occasions it has suppressed, or attempted to suppress, public criticism because the criticism was disagreeable to members of the government.

The most notable illustration of this latter type of tyranny was the prosecution of Colonel Repington, the well-known military critic, and Mr. Gwynne, the editor of the *Morning Post*, for writing and publishing an article attacking the proposal to send British troops from the western front to Palestine. That a technical offense was committed is indisputable, for the Defense of the Realm Regulations are so widely drawn that they can be made to cover any reference whatever to the movement of troops. But the only legitimate purpose of these regulations is to prevent newspapers from publishing information which might be useful to the enemy. If the case had been decided on this ground the prosecution would have failed, for all the facts alluded to in the *Morning Post* article had already been published in German as well as French and Italian newspapers. But the magistrate, whose tone throughout the trial was painfully inconsistent with the best traditions of the English bench, took the narrow, bureaucratic view that any breach of a bureaucratic order is a serious offense which must be punished. There would be few English liberties to-day if that had been the attitude adopted by English judges in the past. The prosecution was obviously undertaken for no other purpose than to punish a critic who dared to oppose a policy dear to the Prime Minister. Had a similar article appeared from another pen in one of the newspapers which supports Mr. Lloyd George there would have been no prosecution.

The case is important because it shows that the destruction of the

liberty of the press may proceed *pari passu* with a growth in the power of the press. If a British government can, with impunity, disregard that English tradition of liberty which is the ultimate bond uniting the whole British Empire, it will not hesitate to shower favors on one section of the press, while straining the law in order to suppress the criticisms of another section. To-day the Northcliffe press receives the favors, and the *Morning Post* the cuffs; a year hence the positions may be reversed.

A word may be said about the plea that 'the law must be enforced.' Where that plea is honestly used it is unanswerable. Where the law is in substance broken, the men who break it must be substantially punished if the oncoming of anarchy is to be prevented. But a ministry which allows Irish Sinn Feiners and English and Scottish trade unionists openly to defy laws essential to the peace and good government of the country cannot honestly claim that mere technical breaches of bureaucratic regulations should be punished as if they were serious offenses. Yet it is in this spirit that the law is being administered to-day by magistrates who appear to have lost all sense of proportion. Analogous to the *Morning Post* case is the case of Lady Ela Russell, who was ordered by the Hertfordshire War Agricultural Committee to plough up certain land which was being used by her for keeping cows. The chairman and the vice-chairman of the Local Food Control Committee and the chairman of the Urban District Council all gave evidence that in their opinion the existing use of the land was the best use to which it could be put, and that Lady Ela Russell was doing a real public service by supplying milk to the district. The local magistrates, taking

exactly the same line as Sir John Dickinson in the *Morning Post* case, refused to go into the merits of the matter. For them, as for him, an order must be obeyed, however foolish it might be, and they imposed the maximum penalty of £100 and costs. It may safely be said that if cases similar to these had been brought into court before the war they would either have been dismissed or a nominal fine of one farthing would have been imposed.

The real root of the trouble is the extravagant extension of the functions of the government. A government can only act through officials, and it is inherent in the nature of officialdom to arrogate to itself arbitrary powers. At the same time the average capacity of officials must necessarily decline as their numbers are increased, and as the range of their operations is extended. When the functions of government are limited to what is strictly necessary for the well-being of the nation, the civil service can consist of a few picked men, and their judgment on the limited range of questions entrusted to them is probably the best obtainable. As a rule, moreover, men of this calibre, from the very fact that they are competent, are also modest; they are willing to seek advice and proceed by agreement instead of attempting to impose by force hastily formed opinions. But when a vast army of new officials is created, many of them with a very limited general education, and most of them with no technical knowledge of the subjects with which they are called upon to deal, it is certain that their arrogance will be in almost direct proportion to their ignorance. The country which accepts such a form of government will be subjected — as Great Britain is to-day — to a multitude of regulations which

quite needlessly interfere with the liberty and initiative of the individual citizen. Yet it is the individual self-supporting citizen who has finally to bear upon his shoulders the whole cost of the state, including the cost of the bureaucrats who handicap his productive efforts.

In a word, to debate the power of

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the press, or of any other instrument of government, without first asking what the functions of government are to be, is necessarily futile. If the functions of government are unduly expanded the destruction of liberty is certain, whether the government be controlled by the press or by the caucus.

A PRISONER OF WAR IN GERMANY

BY A. TYREMAN

[On September 28, 1914, the writer was taken prisoner by the Germans. The enemy had successfully attacked the shallow trench where he lay at the edge of a wood. A tree, snapped off by shell fire, fell upon him and injured his leg, pinning him down for twenty-four hours. After scraping away the earth with his free hand, he at last got clear, and, hobbling away in search of water for other wounded men, fell into the hands of the German Medical Corps, and was taken to headquarters—a farmhouse. Here he was questioned by an intelligence officer, who, in a rage at learning nothing, 'told me more about the movements of my own brigade than I knew myself, from when we mobilized up to that very day,' and, finally, purple with fury at some remarks on the Kaiser in a friend's letter, and the conscious smile on the face of his prisoner, 'he called me everything from a pig to a pickpocket; threw my letters at me, and stalked off with the others, muttering "Huh! Engländer! Schweinhunde!"']

I WAS left standing where I was for a few moments, when a tall Uhlan approached me, saying in good English, 'Where do you come from?' I was dumbfounded, and, on my not replying, he said 'You come from the Isle of Wight, don't you?' I said

'Yes.' 'I thought so,' said he. 'I've seen you several times on Hunny Hill, Newport. You are a music-hall artist. I have seen you giving turns several times at Cowes and Ryde. I saw you once at Medina Hall and once at the Palace, Newport.' He then offered me some cigarettes. I thought of my dignity, and answered 'Thank you, but I have some English cigarettes.' 'I suppose you prefer those to Continental cigarettes?' said he. I replied 'Infinitely!' I felt that I had scored one.

Just then I heard an altercation on my right, and, on turning, I saw three or four Uhlans violently jabbering with threatening gestures at another Britisher. I looked a little closer and recognized him as a man belonging to my own regiment, whom I knew very well. The Uhlans seemed as though they would have liked to tear him limb from limb, but he stood there with a perfectly impassive countenance. This seemed to infuriate them all the more, especially one big Uhlan, who stepped back a few paces, grabbed a

lance that was leaning against the wall, and, pointing it towards my friend's head, rushed at him. The Englishman, seeing what was coming, suddenly sprang to attention, and the lance just missed the top of his head and stuck into the door at the back of him. This caused a roar of laughter from all the Germans in the courtyard, staff officers and all; but the Englishman never for a second relaxed his position of attention.

The laughter having somewhat subsided, the big Uhlans then stepped forward and pulled the lance out of the door. This done the Englishman went smartly through the motions of stand at ease, pulled a dirty handkerchief from his sleeve, and wiped his nose with the air of a man who is frightfully bored with a very uninteresting piece of acting. I would have liked to rush forward and shake hands with him, but I dared not. So I shouted 'Good boy, Dick!' He looked round quickly and, when he saw me, his face changed immediately, and with a cheery grin he said 'Wot cheer!' One of the officers then came forward and bawled at me, saying 'Nicht sprechen!' which I took as an order not to speak. He was a tall man, with a wizened face, which appealed to my sense of humor, and I could not help giving vent to this. I replied very quickly, so that none of the Germans who spoke English could understand—'All right, old frosty face!' At this he barked at me a bit more, and stalked off, muttering more curses on Englanders.

Soon after this, an escort of Uhlans was ordered to take us farther down the road to Laon. While they were preparing, my would-be friend, the Uhlans, endeavored to engage me in conversation again, telling me that we were to be taken to where his squadron of Uhlans was, and they

would supply an escort for us to Laon. At the same time he warned me not to try to escape, or I would be shot immediately, and advised me to tell all the other Englishmen that I came across down the road. I said 'Thanks! I know what to expect when trying to escape, if not successful, and so do all British soldiers.'

At this he was silent for a moment, then said 'You know you English are very foolish to have made war on us, because in a few months we shall be in London.' I said nothing, but merely raised my eyebrows and looked at him from under my eyelids, just as a magistrate does when he looks over his spectacles at a prisoner in the dock. He understood the expression, but said nothing.

By this time the escort was ready to take us away. He then said 'Good-bye,' and advanced to shake hands; but I kept my hands in my pockets and, with a slight inclination of my head, said 'Good-bye,' and was marched off with the other two Englishmen out of the courtyard.

Soon after, an English aeroplane flew over, far out of range; but a whole squadron of Uhlans snatched up their rifles and fired at it furiously, madly gesticulating all the while.

One or two of us were smiling at their efforts, when suddenly I became aware of a tall Uhlans officer by my side. He wore spectacles and, to my idea, he had a kindly face. He said to me in perfect English 'For goodness sake, man, don't laugh! If they saw you laughing, they would shoot you without the slightest hesitation.' I took the cue; thanked him, and told the others what he had told me, and advised them to feign disinterestedness in the operations on our aeroplane. The officer, seeing this, nodded and walked away, and I could see by the expression of his face that he felt

glad that he had told us and had done us a good turn.

In a few moments our aeroplane was out of sight, intact, and when the excitement had subsided that officer came back and chatted to us, telling us that he had spent a number of years in London, and had returned to Germany only a few months back. While he was chatting to us, we were startled by a loud report in the tower of the church, followed by some awful moaning. We were told afterwards by the officer who had been with us that an officer ascending the stairs of the tower saw someone coming down, and in the fading light of the evening took the person coming down the stairs to be a French spy, fired his revolver at him, and killed him on the spot. On the body being brought downstairs, the officer discovered that he had shot one of his own men who had been on lookout duty at the top of the church tower and was coming down to report. Needless to say, this did not affect us one scrap. A few minutes after that occurred, another thing happened, which made my blood run cold, and this I think I ought to relate.

I heard shrieks from women and children coming from the houses in the village. I looked to see the cause of this. The sight that met my eye was such that I shall never forget. There, running and screaming hither and thither from one house to another, were women and children of all ages: women carrying infants in their arms, and others clutching at their skirts, pursued by hulking great Germans, laughing and roaring like mad beasts. Not one of them escaped; they were all caught by these beasts, and ruthlessly dragged into houses, protesting and crying piteously. The motive for this was quite plain to me, and my heart ached for those poor

trapped creatures. Feeling that I was powerless, I turned my head away from that awful sight, and raged within myself on the Kultur of the Hun. I was never more thankful in my life for anything than when the Uhlan escort came to take me away, and when I got on the road out of earshot of those terrified women and children's screams. I shall never be able to obliterate that scene from my memory — I wish I could.

I have read in the papers, since my release from Germany, of some of the neutral Powers intervening for peace (and even some people at home) on behalf of the Germans. 'Peace for Germany,' when they are the perpetrators of such foul and dastardly deeds as I have just described and will describe? No, not yet. Let some of those who would ask for peace go through the North of France, Belgium, and into the prison camps in Germany. Let them see only half what I have seen. Let them converse with a few British prisoners of war, and witness the devastation, wrecked homesteads, cities, and towns in the occupied country, where some of the most beautiful buildings in the world stood, which are now razed to the ground. If these pacifists could only do this, they would sing another song, providing of course that they have a little sense left. The treatment meted out to me alone in Germany ought to raise the blood of anyone who possesses a grain of humanity. But that's a story I will relate in another page.

Our escort was six mounted Uhlan. We were seven. It seemed a pity they could not have spared another and made it man for man.

It was dark when we started off, and we arrived at Laon in about an hour, having to march like fury to keep pace with the horses. It was on this march that I felt the effects of

that tree. Every moment I felt that my chin would touch my knees, so great was the pain in my back. What with that and my wounds, I suffered untold agony. Had it not been for two of my comrades, I could not have got along at all. Our escort made no allowance for anything. At the slightest sign of lagging, they would urge their horses on to us, or give us the benefit of the weight of the butt end of their lances or rifles on our heads and shoulders. I know one of our boys who is paralyzed down his left side through one of these blows.

When we reached Laon, we were taken to a church and turned into the vestry, where there were some more Britishers lying stretched across the floor asleep; and when the guard had locked the door, we were very soon in the same state. We just groped around in the dark for a space of flooring, and, having found it sank straight into blessed oblivion.

What a sleep I had! The next morning we were brought back to our senses at five o'clock by half a dozen Germans, armed to the teeth, barking like a pack of half-starved wolves. This, with the aid of a few cuffs and kicks, soon brought us back from 'Blighty,' where the majority of us had been during the night. We had all courted death pretty closely during the last few days, and, when one does that, one's thoughts generally fly to the place that holds those dearest to one, the brain reproducing the thoughts in one's sleep that it has been impressed by during the day. I may be wrong in this generally, but that is the way it impresses me.

After we had tidied up the vestry, we were allowed to go outside and have a wash. This was a luxury indeed, as most of us had n't had a wash for over a week.

We were given about six ounces of bread each and some muddy-looking watery stuff masquerading as soup, which none of us could touch. The chief item in this soup appeared to be the horrid smell. I put mine as far from me as possible.

After we had finished this sumptuous repast, the key was turned upon us again, and we all fell to speculating as to what the Germans were going to do with us. Some thought we would be shot; one man was shot. This man had been wounded, and crawled into a farmhouse, where he was hidden by some French women, and, as his clothes were torn, the people gave him civilian clothes. When the Germans entered, they condemned him as a spy, although he tried to prove that he was not by his small book and pay book. They took him from our midst and shot him. Most of us thought that our troops might advance and that the Germans would leave us to the mercy of the bombardment of our own troops: and indeed it seemed as if that was going to happen, as our guns did fire on Laon that day.

The following day we got no food at all, and when we asked if we were going to get any, we were told—'No; we did not invite you, so we are not going to feed you.'

The following morning we were marched to the railway station. On our way there, we encountered thousands of German troops, and of course we were greeted with storms of abuse and hooting. Just as we neared the station, an automobile, containing four German officers, had drawn up to watch us go by. As we passed, I heard one of them say 'Ho! Ho! you English dogs! Where is your British pluck now? Professional soldiers who fight for money!' It was very hard to have to stand such as that, but we

could not retaliate. I was more than glad when we reached the railway station. There seemed to be a certain amount of safety from insults and indignities there; but we soon found out to the contrary when we were ordered to take off our caps, great-coats, and boots, and hand them over to the Germans. One poor fellow, who was wounded in the arm and head, protested, as he was feeling ill. In fact I appealed to an officer, telling him the man was very ill and had some fever; but all the sympathy he got was a punch in the face and a bash across the back with a rifle, and his greatcoat torn off him with the assistance of four hulking Germans.

Eventually we boarded the train, which consisted of cattle trucks about twenty-five feet long. Eighty of us were hounded into each of these—British, French, and Belgian troops, as well as French and Belgian civilians. The British numbered about one hundred and fifty. Very soon we were steaming out of the station amidst more hooting and hissing and showers of missiles from the German troops.

We were three days reaching Cassel; that journey I shall never forget. Less than half of us could sit down or lie down at a time. The last occupants of these trucks must have been horses, judging by the smell. We received no food whatever from the Germans. All the food we did have was what the Belgian women threw to us, and we considered ourselves jolly lucky if we got one-third of what was thrown to us. Most of it missed fire, and the sentries benefited by it. We were not allowed out of the trucks for any purpose. No sanitary arrangements were made.

It was during this journey that I saw the awful devastation of which I have already spoken. Louvain, I

think, was the worst of all. It was the most awful sight I have ever seen for wanton destruction. It appeared more like one huge scrap-heap of masonry. Not one whole house could be seen standing, and these scenes were to be witnessed at every town we stopped at. At every stop the Belgian people gathered round the station. They were not allowed near our trucks, but looked on us from behind the railway station railings.

I think I have remarked that we were not allowed out of our stinking cattle trucks during the whole journey, excepting the evening before we reached Cassel, on October 3, 1914, when we were turned out and marched into a wooden shed alongside the station, and each of us was served with a soup plate of cabbage and a thin slice of bread. While we operated on this sumptuous repast, our cattle trucks were swept out. I will leave you to imagine the state those trucks were in when we left them, after so many men had occupied them for about seventy hours without being out. This, you will say, is a fine example of the Kultur of the Huns.

We got back into our trucks and continued our journey, arriving at Cassel about four in the morning. We were glad of the darkness, as it prevented us being seen by any of the townspeople who might have been about had it been daylight. But, notwithstanding the time and darkness, the inhabitants heard us marching through the town, the windows on all sides flew open and a generous display of sleeping costumes appeared and as we marched along we heard the oft-repeated remark—‘Engländer, Schweinhunde, Schweine!’ accompanied with hoots and missiles.

Eventually, we reached the camp, which was then being built and only half completed. The ground was

originally a potato field, and consequently in wet weather was one mass of sticky mud. We were left to stand in this mud for four hours. Then we were marched by parties of sixty into the wooden huts that were so far completed. These huts were divided into halves, each half accommodating about sixty men, and, being about forty feet by fifteen, the majority of us had to sleep on the floor. Fourteen only slept on a raised platform about four feet from the ground.

The first day in camp we received no food at all. The next day those who were lucky in the scramble received about twelve ounces of bread, which had to last two days.

About 9 A.M. we were all paraded in the main road of the camp, to await the midday soup which was issued at 11.20 A.M. This scene can well be imagined. About 6,000 British, French, Russian, and Belgian soldiers, prisoners of war, waiting in the bitter cold for half a pint of miserable potato soup! The same thing happened at 5.30 P.M. This issue was, if anything, inferior to the midday soup.

In this fashion we were fed for the first week. After that came a slight idea of system which gradually got better and better. This system was proposed to the Germans by a British N.C.O. who, along with others of his regiment, arrived in camp a few days after I did. These poor fellows had fared even worse than we had on our capture. They were stripped of everything excepting trousers and shirt, and in most cases even boots. They were in a deplorable state when they arrived in camp. This N.C.O. spoke French, and, with the aid of a French sergeant who spoke German, proposed that the soup should be drawn in bulk from the kitchen by two men

of each hut. The Germans saw the sense of this, and, acting on this and a few more suggestions from him, a fairly good system was soon in a good going order.

We began with rising at 5 A.M. This was effected chiefly by bayonet jabs and blows from the rifle butts of the sentries, accompanied with the usual barkings.

At 5.30 A.M. we had coffee without sugar or milk, made from roasted acorns. With this each man received about six ounces of black bread, which had to last all day.

When the morning meal was finished, the huts were swilled out with cold water. This function had to be carried out, no matter how inclement the weather. I may add that during the first three or four months it was very rare we had a dry day. Therefore the barracks were never dry. To make this worse, we were not allowed any fires. For the first two months we had to sleep on the floor night after night, and consequently many of us suffered acutely from influenza and rheumatics. I knew quite healthy men stricken down with illness which proved fatal through this.

When the swilling-out was done, we were all turned out of barracks and compelled to stay out in all conditions of weather till 11 A.M. and again at 12.45 to 5 P.M., and, being so scantily clothed, we suffered greatly from the cold.

At 11.30 A.M. soup was served. This was considered by us to be the chief meal of the day. You will pardon me, I know, for describing it as a meal, but I do so because I cannot find a more adequate word to fit the horrid stuff. You can tell that after so scanty a breakfast we felt the pangs of hunger long before 11.30 A.M., and we anxiously longed and looked for

our two orderlies with the soup, which consisted of either swedes, potatoes, cabbages, or carrots boiled (sometimes), dished up with a liberal supply of warm water, nothing else whatever, not a sign of meat. I once remember a friend of mine finding a bone in his portion of soup. So unusual was this that he had it carved and kept it as a souvenir.

Each man received less than a pint of soup, and, needless to say, we could easily have disposed of four times the amount and then found room for a plate of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding.

As soon as the issue of soup was disposed of, the boys would go our scouting round the cook house to see if by any lucky chance there happened to be a can of extra soup. This did happen sometimes, but not often. Nevertheless, the boys always made tracks for the cook house as soon as they had finished their midday repast.

Try to imagine this scene if you can — about 1,500 of the British, French, Russian, and Belgian prisoners all clamoring for this one can of soup. If we were lucky and there was some *rabio* (*rabio*, I believe, is French slang for extra), we were all lined up in single file alongside the cook house, where this soup was given out as far as it would go. Sometimes the German cooks took it into their heads to have a bit of amusement at the expense of their starving, ill-treated prisoners. They would allow perhaps a dozen or fifteen men to file up and receive their portion of *rabio*; then the next one would receive instead of *rabio* the benefit of a pretty powerful hose pipe of ice-cold water full in the face. But this treat was kept in reserve for Britishers. After that, came the inevitable bayonet charge. What a chance for the Huns that was! One can just imagine the

mass of prisoners, such as I have described, flying in all directions, endeavoring to escape the bayonet or rifle butt of the sentries, aided by the cooks, who entered the charge with long pieces of wood with which they belabored unmercifully any poor wretch that came within their reach.

Space forbids quotation of the sentries' use of boot and bayonet to stop the ill-clad prisoners' attempts to keep warm by playing football — the ball improvised from a Highlander's hose top stuffed with rags; the search — heavily punishable — for odd potatoes left in the ground, and wood to make the forbidden fire to cook them with; 'Paddy's market,' and the sale to the well-to-do Belgian civil prisoners of anything that would fetch a penny to buy food at the canteen. Perhaps you don't know what real hunger is. Well, if you don't, pray to God that you may always remain in ignorance. The deliberate starvation was only averted after March 1915 by the arrival of parcels from home or from Switzerland — which began to come regularly when it was realized that they were allowed to reach their destination. These often were shared by groups of prisoners. I remember the first parcel I received was one my wife had sent. It did not contain very much, as she was afraid the Germans would not give us parcels. It brought two two-pound loaves, a jar containing pork dripping, some tea, sugar, milk, and Oxo. I sat down and devoured a whole loaf and half the dripping. I managed to make some tea, and I had a right good feed that day! But a hungry man is a desperate man, and not only desperate were we, but sometimes half mad to get food, and as we could not get it by fair means, we got it by foul.

One of the most daring bits of work

in connection with bread stealing was effected by a friend of mine whose nickname was 'Chopper.' Why he was christened this I cannot say. I believe he was given this sobriquet when a band boy in his regiment.

The bread was stored in an empty barrack which faced the main road of the camp. When the bread carts arrived, they were unloaded by Belgians, whose special duty this was. Englishmen were never employed on this work, because, I fancy, they lost too much bread if Tommy got on the job. But one afternoon Chopper procured a Belgian uniform, and disguised himself as a Belgian. Then he gave me instructions to bring some of our boys to the back of the bread store as soon as it was dark. He then dodged into the bread store and started stacking up the bread. While he was doing this, he cunningly left a hole in the stack facing the back window, big enough to secrete himself in. The unloading generally took about half an hour. Towards the finish he watched his opportunity and slipped into the hole and stacked up loaves of bread in front of him, so that the hole could not be seen by any chance. Very soon he heard the door locked. He then had to wait a couple of hours for the darkness to come on, but he passed his time away easily by eating as much bread as possible.

As soon as it was dark, I arrived on the scene with about twenty of the boys from our barracks. I tapped at the window, and up popped Chopper's face wreathed in smiles, and in about three minutes that bread store was deficient of fifty-five loaves. All the the boys in our barrack went to bed that night with a comfortable feeling below the belt.

If anything, the potato cart suffered more severely than the bread cart.

The potato cart was of the same description as the bread cart, and arrived in camp twice a week. When the boys saw this cart coming along, they escorted it at a safe distance, occasionally darting up to it and grabbing a handful till their pockets were filled. This was carried on till the cart reached the cook house, where it was unloaded by Belgians. The Germans always favored the Belgians in such work: I suppose on account of most of them speaking the German language.

On one occasion, I was standing by the cook house watching the unloading operations, feeling frightfully hungry and desperate, wondering how I could manage to bag a few potatoes without the sentry seeing me. I waited my opportunity. I took out of my pocket an improvised knife made out of a piece of hoop iron, and seeing a Belgian getting his sack on his back, I said to the boys around me 'Get ready for a dive!' and with half an eye on the sentry, I slipped up behind the Belgian and slit the sack from top to bottom with my knife. Then the boys took up the offensive and dived. I shall never forget that scrimmage. I got my stocking cap filled and slipped away unobserved. When I got clear away, I looked round to see how the boys were faring. They were scrambling on the ground and getting the full benefit of whips, sticks, and bayonets, but they did not care a button for that, so long as they got a few potatoes. At any rate, very few of these potatoes reached the cook house.

There were two particular kinds of punishment. The lesser of the two was standing to attention in the open air, in all kinds of weather, from one to five hours. This was awarded for very trivial offenses — such as looking too long at a sentry, being too near

the barbed wire fences, or for being a minute late falling in on the *Appel* (counting parade). These counting parades were called two, three, and sometimes five times a day, and at each parade we fell in five deep, and we were counted again and again at each parade. It seemed as though we were only created for the German soldiers to practise their arithmetic.

I was taken one day in December 1914, without any warning, and made to stand to attention for three hours. I inquired of an officer as to the nature of my offense and was told 'Oh, because you are an Englishman!'

The worst form of punishment was the tying to the stake, invented by that tyrant Major Bach of Senne Laager. This punishment was awarded when a prisoner was caught smoking, or washing his soup bowl at the wrong tap, or if we got caught in any of the charges on the potato or bread cart. The offender was taken without any form of trial and tied to a stake. The unfortunate prisoner would be compelled to stand on two bricks, a rope drawn round the neck and tied behind the pole. The hands and feet were secured in a like manner. Then the rope was drawn tightly across the chest. This done, the sentry would then kick the bricks away, thus letting the man's feet rest on the ground and causing the rope to bite into the flesh. The groans and yells a poor fellow would give vent to while in this position were too terrible to describe. Very often the man would faint or be on the point of choking, but when the sentries would see that, they would untie him, and throw buckets of water over him. When he recovered, he would be tied up again and complete his period. I myself was tied up in this fashion several times. I will relate my offense later on.

Another form of punishment, which was introduced in 1915, was being compelled to lie face downwards with the legs and arms stretched to the fullest extent in the mud, snow, or filth for a prescribed number of hours, ranging from two to six.

These punishments were always awarded by an officer, and were arranged to extend over periods from two to ten days. But the sentries very often took the law into their own hands and gave vent to their own feelings when they happened to catch a wrongdoer.

The Russian prisoners were the chief prey of the German soldiers and non-commissioned officers. One afternoon I saw a Russian soldier filling his bowl with potato peelings from the swill tub which stood outside the cook house. A sentry caught sight of him, and rushed at him, and, with one awful sledge-hammer blow from his rifle butt, felled the unfortunate Russian to the ground, knocking him into a deep gutter, where the villain belabored him unmercifully. When the sentry had ceased, the Russian crawled out of the gutter, stood to attention, and saluted that sentry. Then he slowly hobbled away with a grin on his face. I don't suppose that German was ever taken back more in his life than at that moment. The Russian stoicism had floored him.

Another instance of brutality was the bayoneting of a man of my barrack. It so happened that this man had not many months before returned with his battalion from India in order to go to France, and this day in particular he was in anticipation of an attack of ague and was in bed feeling very sick. A sentry came into the barrack in search of men for a working party. He was told by the chief of the barrack that this man was ill with ague; and although it was explained

to him in German what ague was, he either would not or could not understand, and, after making several unsuccessful attempts to arouse the man, he drew his bayonet and thrust it into the man's buttock, legs, and back. I myself have a scar on my shoulder from a slash with the same bayonet for remonstrating with that sentry.

The sentries did not stop at wounding prisoners, they went so far as killing them. The first of these instances occurred three weeks before Christmas 1914. The actual date I cannot remember, and I did not actually see it, but I was told of it by two eyewitnesses immediately after it occurred.

About 8 A.M., one morning early in December 1914, a party of Britishers were being marched to work through the main gate of the camp. Behind this party was a Scots Guardsman, limping along, just getting over the effects of his wounds. One of the sentries who was marching the party evidently mistook the Guardsman for one of his party and, thinking he was lagging behind, immediately began to hurry him on. The Guardsman tried to make the German understand that he was wounded and did not belong to that party; but the sentry refused to believe him, and showered curses on him, trying to hustle him on; but it was no use, the poor fellow could hardly walk. The sentry tried several times to get him to join the party, without success. Then thinking, I suppose, that he had been baffled by the cunningness of the Guardsman, he fired point blank at him from a distance of two yards. The bullet passed through his heart and wounded a Belgian, who was standing about six yards away.

Another brutal murder was that of another Englishman, who was away

at a place called Dudderstadt, working on the construction of a new bridge. This man refused to work. What actually happened to cause him to refuse, I do not know; but I do know that he was taken away from his comrades and told he was going to be sent back to his camp. He reached the hut where the working party slept with the intention of packing his few belongings, but the poor fellow was never given a chance to pack up. He was bullied and taunted by the sentry to rouse his temper, and when he showed spirit he was shot dead.

Another instance, which happened so late as June 1916, was when a Britisher was away for some time working with a party of fellow prisoners. One morning he felt ill, and requested to see a doctor. The sentry, whose duty it was to turn the men out for work, refused to listen to him, and endeavored to force him to turn out; but the man persisted in his request to see the doctor. The sentry went and told the under-officer who came in and commenced bullying the man, telling him he was not sick at all and that he must go to work. The man replied that he intended seeing the doctor, as he could not work, as he was too ill to do so. It was even explained by a good interpreter to the under-officer, but without effect. The bullying and threatening continued for some time. At last the under-officer said to him 'Are you going to work or not?' and on receiving a negative reply he pulled out his revolver, placed the muzzle just below the man's right ear, and without any more hesitation pulled the trigger. The bullet lodged at the back of the man's throat. He was taken to two different hospitals, and as soon as the German nurses found out what had happened, and saw that the man was an Englishman,

they would have nothing to do with him. Eventually, he was brought to the camp hospital, where it was also discovered that he had nine bayonet wounds in different parts of his body. How he received these, only he and the perpetrators could have told. The poor fellow could not tell us himself. He remained unconscious until he died — two days after he arrived in the camp hospital.

Many of our men were compelled to work in munition factories, salt mines, coal mines, etc.

Two hundred and fifty men were sent from this camp to work in a salt mine. Most of them had never seen a mine in their lives, and many of them were afraid to go down, and refused. All those that refused to go down were driven into the cages at the point of the bayonet. This and other work made physical wrecks of sixty per cent of our men — not only because they were not used to that kind of work, but owing to the fact that their constitutions were terribly impaired by insufficient feeding.

On January 3, 1916, I was sent out to work along with seven other men. We arrived at our destination late at night, and slept in a disused stable. The following morning, at 4.30 A.M., we were roused by the sentry, and were given half a pint of acorn coffee and a little black bread. At 5 A.M. we were taken into a long shed, and, when the lights were turned up, I found the shed to contain thousands of large empty shell cases. We were ordered to transfer these into another department. I was a whole minute in realizing that I was required to assist in making shells that would eventually be used against my own people. The sentry, seeing me hesitating, started to hustle me, but I would not move; and when he asked me if I intended to work, I replied 'No, not here.' He

then drew his bayonet and threatened me with death, but I would not move. The other men were looking on with anxious faces, and when the sentry ordered them to get on with the work, they all replied 'Nein.' At this he stalked out of the shed, and locked the door. He returned a little later, accompanied by two officers. They all came to me, and one of the officers addressed me in perfect English. He asked me why I would not work. I told him that I could not conscientiously assist in making munitions, but any other work not connected with war material I would willingly do. He then asked me if I was determined to stand firm, and if that was my final answer. I replied 'Yes, most certainly.' 'Very well, then,' he said, 'you will soon alter your mind.' I replied 'Not in these trousers!' At that all the other fellows laughed, including the German officer, and, as he turned away, he said 'We'll see!'

Presently, two soldiers came and took me away to a prison, where they confined me in an underground cell about six feet square, with just a small ventilator at the top. The walls and roof were trickling with water and not a few frogs were hopping about the floor. I was left alone all that day. At about 5 P.M. the door was opened, and I was given a small piece of black bread and some water, and about two hours after a bundle of straw was thrown to me. This constituted my bed. I did not fall to sleep till about 4 A.M. the following morning. I was left to myself all day, my door only being opened once a day, and that was when I got my miserable allowance of black bread and water.

On January 7 (Sunday), at noon, I was taken out of my cell and turned into the yard, and was told to take

exercise. I had been walking round the yard about half an hour when an officer came and called me to him. He asked me if I was not tired of the bread and water, and if I did not think it better for me to work. I merely shrugged my shoulders and made no reply. He said 'Oh, you English are stubborn, like the donkey,' then stalked away. He had not been gone many minutes, when two Germans came into the yard. They took me to the far end of the yard and proceeded to tie me to the stake, in the same method as I have described elsewhere, and I was left there till 5 P.M., when they took me down. My whole body was numb, and I had to be half carried back to my cell, where I was dropped on the floor and left there with my companions — the frogs.

During the following week, no one visited me excepting the warder, who brought me my scanty allowance of bread and water.

The following Sunday (January 14, 1916), at noon, I was again taken into the yard and tied to the stake, and after I had been in this position about an hour the officer came and asked me if I had any complaint to make. What with the pain I was suffering, and the rage I was in, I could not answer him, but merely shook my head. He clanged his sword on the ground, and walked away muttering 'Schweinhund.'

This treatment was carried on without any variations till March 4 (Sunday), the last time I was tied to the stake; but I was still kept on bread and water, but every fourth day the bread ration was doubled.

On May 27 (Sunday) a military doctor came to see me, and when he found that I could neither speak nor stand, he ordered me to be returned to the camp; but instead of going back

to the camp I had left, I was taken to another one.

Quite a lot of English and French prisoners were sent as early as June 1915 to work behind the firing line in Russia, and Russians were sent to France to work on the fortification. Thousands of these poor wretches were sent to do this work from time to time. They were not only starved to death, but worked to death, at the end of the lash and bayonet. Hundreds of them died of utter starvation and exhaustion. Some were lucky enough to be returned to their respective camps, but this was only when they were absolutely no use to the Germans.

There were some who returned to the camp during the first half of 1916. I saw them coming through the gate one morning. What a sight!

I can truthfully say that never in my life have I seen such appalling wrecks of humanity. Some could just manage to crawl along, others had to be helped along by a few of their slightly stronger comrades. They all went straight to the hospital. When our boys heard of this, they made a collection of foodstuff and took it to the hospital to them. I myself carried some, as I wanted to see them. I thought I was fairly imperturbable, but what I saw in that hospital affected me more than I can tell. Poor gaunt creatures, just frames of bone, covered with a ghostly yellow skin. I remember once seeing Barnum and Bailey's freak 'The Living Skeleton,' but he was not so thin as most of these poor fellows. Their gratitude for the food that we gave them brought tears to my eyes; but many of them did not want any more food. Their last trumpet had sounded. God rest their souls. They were heroes.

I could go on and add page after page of things of this kind and even

worse, but what use would it be? You would hardly believe me. But this is only a brief account of my captivity and life in German prison camps till August 1916, when I was lucky enough (for which I thank God) to be sent to Switzerland, as my health had broken down. When I reached there, it seemed as though

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I has passed from Hades to Elysium, so great was the contrast in the treatment we received from the Swiss people.

It was not till after I awoke from my first delicious sleep in Switzerland that I realized that my leaving Germany and its twenty-nine months of misery was a reality and not a dream.

A MAID 'O DORSET

BY M. E. FRANCIS (MRS. FRANCIS BLUNDELL)

CHAPTER XIII

ROSIE had brought in a basketful of eggs, and her grandmother was sorting them with her usual speed and dexterity; placing the produce of buff orpingtons and leghorns in separate bowls for sitting purposes, while the 'mixed' were piled in a big dish for sale and ordinary use.

'There don't seem to be any rock eggs again this marnen,' she observed. 'Mr. Blanchard d' fancy a rock egg along o' the color.'

'Well, we have but a few rock hens,' rejoined Rosie; 'and two are sitting.'

'That pullet's nice an' red about the comb, though,' said Mrs. Bond.

'Well, she did *ought* to lay,' agreed Rosie, 'an' I fancied I heard her cackling once or twice, an' yet I don't never find an egg.'

'Strange,' agreed Granma. 'I did hear her cackling too, an' I did see her come out of the hen house this marnen, an' I made sure there'd be an egg for Farmer's tea. 'T is but a cold dinner to-day.'

'Well, I'm sure I wish she would

lay,' rejoined Rosie tartly. 'Tidden my fault if she don't.'

'Not so tilty, miss, if *you* please,' said Granma reprovingly. 'An' don't be a-marchin' off wi' yourself. There's lots to do. When I've finished this job you an' me can go an' test the rock settin's. We did ought to ha' done it last night.'

'I did n't mean to be tilty, Granma,' said Rosie penitently. 'But ye did look at I so queer when ye did say pullet was n't layin'.'

'Well, an' don't *you* think it queer?' retorted Granma, turning on her suddenly. 'Here's this pullet so red as she can be about the comb as if she *was* a-layin', an' a-walkin' into the nestin' place as if she did *want* to lay, an' a-cacklin' as if she *had* laid, an' yet there's no egg. It do re-mind me,' said Granma impressively, 'of the wold buff orp hen what went astray.'

Rosie made no answer, but her lip quivered, and the old woman glanced at her with a mollified air.

'My dear,' she said, 'you do think I unkind, but I'm not meanin' to be

unkind. I'm only wishful for you to do what you'm doin' wi' your eyes open. Now fetch along a candle an' we'll see to these eggs.'

Rosie obeyed with a dispirited air; to say the truth, her recent snappishness had been caused by inward forebodings as to the reason for her failure to discover the eggs which according to all recognized symptoms, the rock pullet ought to have laid, and she wondered in her own mind if Mrs. Bond had chanced to notice Rufe's predilection for chopping firewood in the neighborhood of the hen house.

The inspecting and testing of the eggs took some time, but was so far satisfactory that only two 'clear' and one addled one were removed from the nests.

'I'd best chuck this into the muck-heap,' suggested Rosie, picking up the addled egg.

'No,' said Granma, 'let it bide i' the basket wi' the others. I be goin' for to bile 'em hard for the little chicks.'

'But ye can't boil an addled egg,' protested Rosie.

'Never you mind, my dear, it'll not go to waste, ye mid be sure,' rejoined Mrs. Bond mysteriously.

Rosie's suspicions were aroused, and when late that evening she found her grandmother carefully washing the egg in question, they grew to certainty.

'Granma, you be a-goin' for to play some trick on Rufe wi' thic addled egg. 'Tidden' fair.'

'Now look-see, Rosie, I'll tell 'ee what I be a-goin' to do, an' I dare ye to say one word to Rufe about it. Thic-pullet have a-laid two marnens runnin'. She'll not lay to-morrow. But thic chap won't think o' that, an' when he do come to rob the nest as usual, he'll find a nice brown rock egg awaitin' for he. Now you keep quiet, my dear. If he don't do it,

all's well. I'll be the first to own I'm wrong and you'm right; an' if he do do it 'twill gie en a lesson what'll maybe do en good. Now, not a word, mind! I do forbid 'ee to gie en a hint. If you do believe in en there's no need for no hints.'

'Oh, I won't say a word,' said Rosie with stiff lips.

She could not repress the cowardly hope that quick-witted Rufe would remember the unlikelihood of the pullet laying on three succeeding days, or would, at least, wait until he heard her cackle before darting in to secure the prize.

'If there was two rock eggs in the nest he'd be sharp enough to choose the right one,' she reflected, and then chid herself for the dishonorable thought. 'I'll be gettin' so bad as he,' she said to herself with an inward groan of shame and remorse. 'Oh, if I could only teach en to be good! But he do promise, and he do promise, an' he do go on jist the same.'

She had seen Rufe milking a cow in the field one hot day, a grave offense against all canons, and when she had remonstrated with him he had responded simply that he was thirsty. She knew he liked eggs, particularly raw eggs, and no doubt shared Mr. Blanchard's partiality for a brown one.

She was sorely tempted to give Rufe a hint when, on the following morning, she saw him splitting up wood very near the hen house door, whistling gaily the while; but with an immense effort she refrained. Nevertheless she could not resist one attempt to save him from the coming disaster.

'I'm jist seein' to chicken,' she cried. 'I'll be comin' back to fetch their water in a minute — without you bring me a canful.'

'I must get this job done,' rejoined

he, 'else the wold lady'll be callin' out.'

Rosie positively ran from coop to coop, hoping that by reappearing with unexpected promptitude she might divert Rufe from his purpose.

'He'll not dare go into the hen house when I'm by,' she thought. 'If I can only keep about till breakfast time he'll not have the chance of helping himself.'

When she dashed back into the yard Rufe was still chopping, but Granma was waiting for her by the house door.

'What be doin', maid?' she asked sharply. 'I do want 'ee indoor.'

'I do just want to fetch chicken a drap o' fresh water, Granma. I've given 'em their feed.'

'Chicken can wait,' retorted Mrs. Bond. 'You come in here. I do want thic lead swilled out. Hurry up with that scroff, Rufe.'

She pushed Rosie before her into the house, and the two worked for some minutes in silence, anxious and resentful on the part of the girl, keenly expectant on the part of the old lady.

Presently a choked exclamation reached them, followed by a dead silence.

'He've got it!' remarked Granma with a chuckle. 'Rosie, my dear,' she added blandly after a pause, speaking loud enough for her voice to carry across the yard, 'ye'd best go out and fetch in the eggs. An' tell that there lazy fellow to hurry up wi' the scroff. It's time fire was lit.'

Rufe's axe and a scattered pile of scroff, or small sticks, lay in the yard, but there was no sign of Rufe himself. The hen house, too, was empty of all save a few dilatory hens. But the nest usually most favored by these ladies was empty: the addled egg had disappeared.

'Rufe!' she called tremulously. 'Rufe, we're waitin' for the wood. Rufe!' she called again.

He reappeared suddenly from behind the hen house, cast a look at her, half furtive, half vindictive, caught up his bundle of scroff and hastened into the house.

'There's no brown egg for 'ee again this marnen, Farmer,' remarked Mrs. Bond. 'But I fried a few common ones for a change. Pass the plate, Rosie, an' here's yours. Will 'ee have an egg to your bacon, Rufe?'

Rufe glanced at her suspiciously and nodded.

'You do look as if you wanted summat,' said Granma jocularly. 'You do seem a bit pale.'

She piled his plate with bacon, bestowing on him a plentiful supply of the melted fat, and depositing on top an egg more lightly cooked than the others. Rufe attacked it valiantly, but as the yolk spread over his plate under the first prod of his fork, he shuddered, rose hastily, and went out.

'Well, there!' exclaimed Granma. 'I thought he did n't look so well. He must ha' ate summat what disagreed wi' he.'

'Poor chap!' commented Solomon good-naturedly. 'He bain't sich a big eater neither. Rosie'll take en out a cup o' hot tea jist now.'

In his heart he thought: 'They've a-had another fallin' out, an' the boy's got no stomach for his victuals.'

When Rosie had finished her breakfast, which, indeed, she swallowed in haste, she went in search of Rufe, armed with a large breakfast cup of boiling hot tea. He was leaning against the angle of the barn, and received the attention ungraciously.

'A nice trick you did play on I,' he said, as he took the cup from her hand.

'T was n't me, Rufe; 't was Granma.'

'The wold —!' exclaimed Rufe, using an expression which Rosie had never heard before, but which filled her with instinctive horror. 'You mid ha' said a word of warnin'.'

'She did say she knowed you was thievin'. I was terr'ble vexed wi' her. An' she set thic trap to show which was right. I did so hope it 'ud be me. I did pray ye would n't touch the egg. Rufe, I don't know however ye can go pickin' an' stealin' like that.'

'Pickin' an' stealin'!' ejaculated he. 'T is n't stealin' to take a egg when there's hundreds of 'em.'

'They'm not yours, though. Will nothin' teach ye you must n't take what is n't yours?'

'Oh, get out!' cried Rufe roughly. I bain't i' the humor for praychin'.'

She was walking away, much offended, when he called her back.

'Here, wait for the cup.'

He tossed off the scalding tea and held out the cup with an ugly look.

'Not so much as a word o' thanks,' ejaculated Rosie to herself indignantly. 'I mid be his slave the way he d' talk. I bain't a-goin' to wait on he if that's the way he do treat I. Fetch it in yourself!' she retorted aloud, dropping her hand, and turning on her heel, just as the clatter of crockery announced the consequent disaster.

'Broke the cup now, have ye?' cried Granma, hastening to the door.

'She let go of it when I put it into her hand!' rejoined Rufe sulkily.

'Ye could n't put it into my hand!' cried Rosie. 'I did let my hand fall. Ye could n't put it in it.'

'Well, pick up the bits, anyhow,' said Mrs. Bond. 'Mr. Blanchard'll have loss enough without leavin' broken chany about to cut the cows' feet.'

'Rufe can pick up the bits for his self,' said Rosie, tossing her head. 'T was he broke the cup.'

Rufe, returning to his former place, pretended not to hear, and feigned to be very busy filling his pipe.

'Poor fellow!' said Granma. 'T would make 'ee sick again to stoop, I d' low.'

And going out in an uncommonly good humor, she picked up the fragments herself.

But Solomon was puzzled and a little disturbed at the young folks' silence and downcast looks when they met at dinner time. Neither of them seemed able to eat. Both were pale.

'Tell 'ee what,' he announced suddenly. 'You two do seem as if ye did want a breath of fresh air this martial hot arternoon.'

'I be in the air all day,' growled Rufe, without raising his eyes.

'E-es, but we be in a bit of a holler here. How'd it be if *you* was to take milk to station this arternoon? Rosie could go wi' ye, and ye could go for a spin across the downs after.'

Rufe's face lit up. He was always ready for anything in the nature of a jaunt.

'Us'd just about enj'y that,' he said. 'Would n't us, Rosie?'

His tone was at once gleeful and coaxing, and the girl, meeting the persuasive glance of his dark eyes, brightened up too.

'I'm sure 't is very kind of you, Mr. Blanchard,' she said. 'I think it 'ud be nice.'

They set forth at the usual time, Rufe looking as though he had not a care in the world, while Rosie's spirits were returning, though the disagreeable remembrance of the morning's events still lingered with a chastening effect at the back of her mind. As they mounted the long hill leading to

the downs her thoughts reverted to the confidences made by the farmer on a previous occasion, and she found herself wishing almost passionately that Rufe could share the ideals, or, as she called them to herself, the 'high notions' of which Solomon's recital gave evidence. *He* was an honorable man. Should she ever be able to make Rufe understand what it was to be honorable?

'Don't the sun feel nice and hot on our hands?' he remarked, stretching out his slender brown fingers. 'I do love to feel the hot sun, more particular when there's a breeze like there is to-day. Look! there's a covey o' partridges, there, in the turnip field near the bank. The mother's croopied down an' the little chicks be a-doin' same thing. Ye'd take 'em for little clods o' earth. There's a fine lot o' them, though.'

He stood up in the cart, his eyes snapping.

'When they d' grow a bit they'd be a nice haul for anybody,' he said.

'You'd like to poach 'em, I suppose?' said Rosie.

'E-es, I would,' he admitted. 'Easy done, too, wi' a net, if there was two or three of us.'

'Oh, *Rufe!*' cried Rosie. 'You do fair make I sick! First thievin', then poachin'.'

'Well, 't is better nor praychin', praychin' all day,' rejoined he roughly. 'Can't ye find nothin' better to do nor praych this lovely arternoon? Ye mid jist so well spare your breath, for it do go in at one ear and out at t' other.'

Rosie, much affronted, did not reply, and he went on irritably as he resumed his seat:

'You settin' yourself up to know better nor anybody else! It do make *I* sick the way you do carry on. "Ye must n't do this," an' "Ye should n't

do that," fro' marnen till night! I'll do what I like, an' I'll tell 'ee straight out — I don't hold wi' your notions. These here wild things, anyway, was made for wild folk, an' when us do find 'em us'll have 'em.'

The violence of his tone would have frightened a less spirited girl. As it was, Rosie, wounded and offended, was reduced to silence. This was another Rufe to the 'girt child' on whom she had recently looked with protecting tenderness, whom she had hoped to uplift and educate. When he had turned on her just now he looked as though he were about to strike her.

Here were the downs, golden as before in the afternoon sun, a wide stretch of wild yet peaceful beauty; not a creature in sight except the birds and little scurrying rabbits, the air sparkling and spicy with the scent of wild thyme and gorse. There was Rufe, so handsome in spite of his sullen looks, so near to her. They might be feeling entirely happy, and yet her heart was nigh to bursting within her.

Rufe whistled, as was often his way when ill-humored, the notes rising shrill and sweet; no other sound pierced the stillness except the bumping of their own wheels over the turf and the song of a lark overhead. Rosie, listening, thought dully that Rufe was whistling a queer tune, one that she had never heard before. But suddenly it was taken up a few paces from them, and a figure stepped out from behind a cluster of furze bushes — a lad as tall as Rufe, but more slender, with wild, bold eyes set in a sunburnt face under a mass of tousled black hair. His clothes were extremely ragged, and his toes protruded from his broken boots.

'Hallo!' cried Rufe, pulling up the horse. 'Who's this?'

'Who are you,' retorted the lad, 'to be whistlin' thic tune?'

'Rufe Lee's my name,' returned he. 'Bide a bit. I d' seem to know your face. Bain't you Tim Hardy, what goes travelin' round wi' the baskets? I've a-seed ye Sturminster zide, sure!'

'Us don't so often go that way now,' said the lad, 'an' I can't call ye to mind. But *Lee* d' sound right enough.'

'I did see 'ee at Shroton Fair five year ago,' insisted Rufe. 'Your father was a-sellin' a young harse. Ye was but a little chap then. But I'd never forget a face.'

'Is n't it time for us to be movin' on?' said Rosie distantly.

'No such hurry,' rejoined he, and he continued to converse with his new friend in a jargon at times unintelligible to the girl, who sat very straight and stiff beside him, gazing with increasing disfavor from his eager face to that of the new-comer. He was a handsome fellow, there was no denying it, but ragged and disheveled, and unspeakably dirty; even his face was grimed. After another interval, during which they mentioned a number of strange names and alluded to happenings of which Rosie had never heard, she renewed her protest.

'I do think it's time to go home-along, Rufe. Granma'll be waitin' for I.'

'Well, us can go home this way,' conceded he unwillingly.

He turned the horse's head in the direction of the lane which led to the water course, the ragged lad walking beside the cart with his hand on the woodwork, a hand which, as Rosie remarked with reluctance, was like Rufe's; indeed, there was altogether a dreadful likeness between this disreputable-looking wanderer and her lover. She guessed that he was

one of the gipsy squatters of whom Solomon had told such disedifying tales, and the surmise was justified by a careless remark which Tim presently let fall.

'Us do bide yonder at the turn o' the lane. But us be goin' travelin' for a bit to-morrow.'

'Be ye?' rejoined Rufe with a falling face.

'We're never long away,' resumed the other, quick to notice the tone in which Rosie, too, had recognized disappointment. 'Ye must look us up; I d' low ye'll find some pals among us. There's one young chap whose mother was a Lee.'

They were now in the shady by-path where Rosie had been formerly startled by the unmannerly children. There were no youngsters to be seen to-day, but the sound of their shrill voices could be heard at the other end of the lane; soon the van came in sight, and once again every sense was assailed simultaneously. Rosie could turn away her eyes from the squalid scene, but her nostrils were affronted by a medley of unsavory odors, while she could not shut her ears to the coarse laughter and loud talk of the squatters, garnished with many strange expressions and not a few oaths. But had she condescended to look, she might have seen Rufe's face alight with interest. They had been proceeding more and more slowly, and suddenly he pulled up and threw the reins into Rosie's lap.

'Hold the harse for a minute, will 'ee? I'll just nip out to have a word wi' my new cousin.'

Rosie whisked round, her eyes blazing.

'If ye do ye may come home by yourself. I'll not bide wi' this crew.'

'I dare 'ee to drive off wi'out me!' cried Rufe angrily.

Tim burst into a loud, mocking

laugh, and the cart was instantly surrounded by a ragged tribe of all ages, who seemed to come swarming up out of the ground. A timid girl might have quailed, but Rosie's blood was up, and she looked back at Rufe without flinching.

'If you do get out of thic cart,' she said, 'all 'ull be over between yourself an' me, Rufe Lee.'

She had never looked so handsome as now in her wrath, and Rufe, who loved and admired her after a fashion of his own, was struck afresh by her courage.

'Well, have it your own way,' he said. 'Clear out, youngsters,' he cried to the children. He winked and nodded meaningly behind Rosie's straight back to the elders of the party, and thrusting his hand into his pocket, found a few coppers, which he tossed with a lordly air to the ragged crew. Rosie, still holding the reins, reached for the whip, and applying it vigorously to the horse's flank, caused that injured animal to start off at a canter, which she forced him to continue until they had left the gipsy encampment far behind. Then she pulled up and turned to her companion. Her eyes were still very bright and her cheeks flushed, but she spoke in a low, even voice.

'I wish to tell 'ee, Rufe, that ye must choose once an' for all between me an' those deddikay. If ye do go mixin' wi' 'em, or makin' friends wi' 'em, I'll break wi' 'ee. Ye must choose between them or me.'

'There, my maid, no need to get in such a fluster about nothin',' rejoined he good-humoredly, for he felt secretly a little cowed by her determined manner. 'They're right enough, those folks — I did use to know the Hardys; that lad did say a cousin o' mine was up at their place.'

'If ye do want to keep friends wi' I, ye'll have nothin' to say to your cousin, then,' retorted Rosie. 'I do want to take 'ee away from that lot and their bad ways. Poachers an' thieves they be — not so much as Christians! If you do go wi' them you must give me up, for I'll ha' nothin' more to do wi' ye.'

Rufe felt his own temper rising, and would have made some angry reply had not something still and determined in the girl's attitude alarmed him; he felt that she meant what she said. After a moment's pause he remarked in a wounded tone:

'Ye can't love me so very much, then, if ye be so ready to get shut of me.'

This was the second time he had taunted her with want of affection, and had Rosie been of an introspective turn of mind she might have asked herself if there were any grounds for his assertion. As it was, she repeated her former disclaimer.

'I've a-been through enough for your sake, then!' Seeing him assume a wounded look she went on in a softened tone: 'I *do* love 'ee, Rufe, an' if you'll give up bad ways and bad friends I'll stick to 'ee through thick an' thin. But you must make your choice. It must be me or them.'

'I don't need to think long, then,' said Rufe, and his hand stole over hers.

Her lip trembled then for the first time.

'Rufe, you do really mean to keep your word? Ye'll never ha' nothin' more to say to that gippo lot? 'T is a true promise, is n't it?'

'T is a true promise,' echoed Rufe fervently. 'Strike me dead if I don't keep it! There, now, will that satisfy you?'

She smiled and suffered him to put

his arm round her, as he assured her with much ardor and tenderness that her little finger — 'the leastest little

j'int' of her little finger — was more to him than the whole of anyone else in the whole world.

(*To be continued*)

CHARACTERS IN THE COMMONS

BY AUDITOR TANTUM

THE writer has frequently discussed the personalities of the leading men in Parliament — those who sit in the high places to right and left of the Speaker's chair, the personages of the House, the great luminaries, Ministers and ex-Ministers, the mighty ones of politics. *Minora canamus.* Let us this time take a look along the Back Benches, where the less considered ones sit. They are just as full of men of character and personality as the seats of the mighty, though the quality of their mettle may be different, and often not of the sort which conducts its possessor to political place and power.

But a word first for one of the new Under-Secretaries, who has secured a great success during the last few months, to the general satisfaction of men of all parties. That is Mr. J. R. Clynes. His is a piquant case. Office has brought him out. When he was a plain member of the Labor Party, before the war, his speeches were spoiled by a certain rasping narrowness of outlook, as though he dared not be reasonably fair to an opponent's case, for fear of being misunderstood, and must forever be peering about for something to wrangle over. But as Lord Rhondda's right-hand man,

he has spoken with sterling courage and independence, and, in fact, has defended the policy of the Ministry of Food even more trenchantly than his chief. Mr. Clynes's triumph is due solely to his own keen intellect and strength of will. He has rather a harsh voice, is small of stature, and a plain man of the people. Many of his labor colleagues, since their elevation to the Treasury Bench, have thrown a few grains of incense on the altar of the Graces. Not so Mr. Clynes. Office has left him unchanged. He does not devote so much as an extra minute to the daily struggle with his untamed shock of gray hair; he refuses even the smallest concession to the fainting tradition of superior ministerial style. Perhaps this a point of Oldham pride; perhaps it is merely a disregard of the looking glass. But, after all, the clothes are but the guinea stamp, and it is the force and driving power in Mr. Clynes which make the man. He is handy, too, with repartee, not very polished or subtle, but still sufficiently effective to discomfit an assailant. With genuine respect, be it spoken, Mr. Clynes reminds one of a wire-haired fox terrier, well plucked if a little uncertain of temper, who has adventured

his way for years down many a dangerous street and has finally won for himself the healthy regard of his neighborhood.

From most of the other Under-Secretaries no more than an average competence was looked for. They are in the spangled firmament of the Administration, but they are not great lamps in the sky. One only — Sir Leo Chiozza-Money — can be said to twinkle. No one is so happy as he when a member has put down a long question addressed to the Shipping Controller, whose mouthpiece he is. Not only is he willing to oblige with a full answer, but at a touch he will supply a fuller explanation, and then a further elucidation on top of that. If his questioner remains courteous, Sir Leo vies with him in elaborate politeness; but if he snaps at all, a lively little scrap takes place at once. Sir Leo's promotion was better deserved than most, but it has deprived the House of that rich miscellany of useful information which he used to pack into his carefully prepared speeches.

There was a time, not so very far remote, when the House of Commons was composed mainly of three classes of members — men of quality, men of standing in the financial and commercial world, and lawyers. The first of these three classes was easily the largest, if one includes therein the country squires who sat for the county divisions and many of the smaller boroughs, men as a rule of rather slender intellectual endowment, but of assured social position and standing. This class, which grows smaller and smaller at every succeeding general election, has suffered more grievous losses from the war than any other during the present Parliament. The younger 'men of quality' all vanished from Westminster at the outbreak of hostilities, many to return

no more. The Liberal Party had very few 'young bloods' among its ranks. Mr. Agar-Robartes was one of the first to fall. His close friend, Mr. Primrose, has shared his fate. Their vacant places have been filled; they themselves have had no successors. Young Mr. Charles Mills, a promising politician on the Unionist side, has been succeeded by his brother, who as yet has made no Parliamentary mark. On the other hand, Captain H. O'Neill, who succeeded his brother Arthur in the representation of Mid-Antrim, has already established his political reputation. He is the first Ulster Unionist for many a long year to give the impression that he is arguing a case instead of reciting a creed, and his accession adds real strength to a party which, considering the fervor of its convictions, has been singularly unfortunate — Sir Edward Carson excepted — in the calibre of its official spokesmen. During the Parliament Bill controversy a little group of Unionist 'men of quality' used regularly to sit and work together on the bench below the gangway. Lord Helmsley, the most genial and popular of the trio, has found a soldier's grave; Lord Londonderry — like Lord Ancaster, Lord Peel, and a few others — is quite lost amid the throng of Unionist Peers in the House of Lords; Lord Hugh Cecil alone remains, as erratic and wayward as before, more bent on purely destructive criticism, and to all appearances further off than ever from a place on the ministerial bench. A few years ago, when Lord Robert Cecil was in trouble with the Unionist party managers because he would not 'toe the line' on tariff reform, it looked any odds that of the two Cecils Lord Hugh would be the first to get office. But now he has quite fallen out of the running.

It would be impossible to find a sharper contrast to Lord Hugh Cecil, among men of his own rank in the House of Commons, than Lord Henry Bentinck, who, after a spell of active war service, is now devoting himself more closely than ever to his Parliamentary duties. Though speech-making is evidently a toilsome effort to him, he perseveres with his speaking, and the reason manifestly is not personal ambition, but a disinterested desire to help in setting straight the crooked things of the world. To what political camp Lord Henry Bentinck now belongs it would be hard to say. He sits as a Unionist. But he is no party man in the ordinary sense of the term. He speaks best when he is championing the cause of the oppressed and the badly paid; no enemy of capitalism or aristocracy, he revolts against the monstrous injustices which flow from the capitalist system, and he loathes the current prostitution of rank and title and the persistent foulness of the fountain of honor. He has even dared to contemplate a millennium in which there shall be no Northcliffes and no Beaverbrooks! In mid-Victorian days certain members of the House of Commons styled themselves Liberal-Conservatives; Lord Henry Bentinck's label should be Conservative-Liberal-Labor, for the labor movement in its wisest and truest direction has no better friend than the painstaking and public-spirited member for South Nottingham, who does not shrink from supporting an unpopular cause if he believes it to be right, and insists on working out his own political salvation instead of taking it ready-made from his party leaders. Such men as he are likely to be desperately hard pressed in the near future to hold their own against the crowd of nimble-witted professional politicians all out

to snatch from politics the most they can.

Nor is Lord Henry Bentinck the only 'man of quality' who takes a sturdily independent line. Two of the ablest men in the House of Commons show a similar independence, though in a different way. These are Sir Mark Sykes and Colonel Herbert. Why no place in the Ministry has been found for the former — always presuming that office would not be distasteful to him — is something of a mystery. There is no one on either side whom the House likes better to hear, despite a rather poor delivery. He is absolutely honest and independent; he is scrupulously fair, and bold in judgment. Whatever his theme, he can invest it with freshness, and he generally has some definite suggestion or original remedy to propose. The House of Commons is usually fortunate enough to possess at least one member who has made a special study of Eastern affairs and acquired his knowledge by travel and personal observation. Sir Mark Sykes in this respect carries on the tradition of the late Lord Percy and of Lord Curzon, and Colonel Herbert's experience during the present war and previously is not a whit less varied and valuable. There are no more penetrating and acute critics of certain aspects of the Government's policy than these two members, for they are quite unbiased, and the House knows them to be animated by a sincere desire to strengthen the hands of Ministers in the prosecution of the war. Yet, because they do not harass, or even embarrass, the Government, their names seem to be little known or considered in the political world.

The Pacifist Bench contains the most fantastic collection of human perversity ever blown together in a

corner by the pitiless wind of war. They do not love or trust each other overmuch, these Pacifist gentlemen. Each seems to have a poor opinion of the abilities of his near neighbor. Each has a different reason for being where he is. Of their number two only are actively dangerous: Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and Mr. Snowden. At any moment, given the favorable turn of circumstance, these two are capable of assuming the rôles of Lenin and Trotsky. Mr. Snowden is the bitterest enemy, with the suavest tongue, of the existing order of society. He may well be puffed up with pride, for successive Ministers have gone out of their way to disarm his enmity. They might as well try to tame the East wind. The member for Blackburn is a fanatic idealist who would solve the problems of a Chancellor of the Exchequer by slitting up the money-bags of the rich with a sharp lean knife; he is ready at any moment to end the war by way of another Brest-Litovsk. The House of Commons foolishly pays Mr. Snowden the compliment of listening to him, as though he were an oracle, and many members sit fascinated at the feet of this thin-lipped, ascetic-looking visionary, who reasons so closely from premises which they know to be absolutely false to the fact of human experience. Mr. Macdonald is made of different stuff. He is much less of a visionary, much more of a calculating intellectual, than his colleague. He knows the fires and stings of ambition. Politics is his natural vocation. He has few superiors as a debater, and he can hold his own with the best of them. Let the country once get into a dangerous ferment, and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald would not long be without a formidable following. When workmen are tempted to forget their patriotism, they remember him. A

little while ago he evidently believed that his hour had come. He began to parade his acquaintanceship with the Bolsheviks. Litvinoff was his friend and companion. He became once more the hero of the well-paid young engineers who resisted the comb-out and threatened to strike. But when the naked imbecility of the Bolsheviks as the saviors of Russia was revealed to the world, even British Pacifists were dumbfounded, and when the staggering weight of the German offensive drove our armies back, and Great Britain was seen to be struggling for her life, a great revulsion of feeling swept over the land, and the Woolwich engineers passed a resolution: 'To hell with Ramsay Macdonald and Philip Snowden!' Blunt language, but well deserved.

The other House of Commons Pacifists count for little. There is Mr. John Burns, who just runs into the House when there is a Pacifist division, and gives a silent vote and runs out again. Mr. Trevelyan, who was vain enough to think that he, apart from his name, counted for something in the Asquith administration; Mr. Ponsonby, who had the ill-luck to lose his patron before his political future had been provided for; Mr. Whitehouse, whose voice is like the long whine of a soaring shell; Mr. Morrell, who collects rare varieties of conscientious objectors and tells public meetings that the time is ripe for a Russian revolution, but that he would like it without bloodshed and such nasty accompaniments; Mr. King, whose silk hat covers the rendezvous of all the follies; Mr. Lees Smith, who was a corporal in the R.A.M.C. until conscription spoiled for him the righteousness of the Allied cause; Mr. Jowett, of Bradford, who trots along at Mr. Macdonald's

side, and carries his bag for him; Mr. Outhwaite, who takes a cold-blooded delight in outraging the susceptibilities of his fellow members; Mr. Chancellor, who hopes somehow to bring peace nearer by voting for its name — these are the professed Pacifists, who sit together below the Irish. Other Radicals, who do not wish to be identified too openly with them, join them from time to time in the Lobby, but quit them at its doors. There is that poor body, Mr. Mason, of Coventry; Mr. Holt, the shipowner who will forgive a German Chancellor seventy times seven, but is pitiless towards the supposed faults of a British Minister; and Mr. Llewellyn Williams, who prowls round the Chamber, like a lion off his feed, longing to roar at the Government, but holding back because Mr. Lloyd George is a brother Welshman, and Wales is proud of its Welsh Prime Minister.

Whether the Government's two most persistent and unsparing critics are Pacifists or not, no one knows but themselves. Messrs. Pringle and Hogge are in a category of their own, and would probably refuse the label. They are found in a conjunction almost as constant as Castor and Pollux, or Tadpole and Taper. At one time it seemed that a triad was in contemplation, but Mr. McCallum Scott hitched his wagon to the erratic star of Mr. Churchill, and he now reserves his rhetorical spasms for big occasions, when the House is impatient for a division. Mr. Pringle once drew a daring parallel between his own career and that of the Prime Minister, in whose overthrow he means to have a share, even if it be no more heroic than that of stretching a wire across a dark road. What Mr. Lloyd George was to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, that Mr. Pringle hopes

to be to Mr. Lloyd George. He enjoys the encouraging nods of Liberal ex-Ministers. He has recently become sufficiently familiar with Mr. McKenna and Mr. Runciman to cross the floor of the House and colloquie with them in whispers from the seat behind. Mr. Gulland does not disdain his company, when standing at the Bar. His political credit is good at Liberal headquarters. The editor of *The Nation* some time ago marked him down for the Board of Trade in the next Asquith Cabinet, and styled him 'a dashing leader of guerilla.' A guerillero, indeed, but hardly of the patriotic kind. All his ingenious activities and nimbleness of wit are directed to trip up and harass overburdened Ministers, and the Prime Minister surely miscalculated when he neglected to offer one of his many Under-Secretaryships to this light-armed adversary.

Mr. Hogge is of a different calibre. He is heavy of hand and foot. He has not the sharp, gamin-like cleverness of his working partner. He has no finesse. His is the plain blunt speech which does not insinuate doubt of an adversary's accuracy, but shouts an imperative injunction to tell the truth. His accent is raw Doric; his bludgeon jagged with nails; not even the pattering feet of the Hound of Heaven are more remorseless in pursuit than his. The Speaker may ignore his rising throughout a long discussion, but he must see him in the end. For he has the patience of ten tailors when he is primed with speech and an immovability of purpose beyond that of the sitting hen. Yet with these obstinacies go virtues. He will master the details of the most baffling subject with enthusiasm; no intricacies affright him. The ordinary member of Parliament shrinks in lazy alarm from the maze of figures

connected with pensions. Mr. Hogge has grappled with and overcome them all, and he is far more than a match for the Pension Ministers, who dread his searching interrogatories and thank God they have a staff to provide them with answers. Why did not the Prime Minister give Mr. Hogge a post in the Pensions Department? Why did he leave him to become the official Liberal expert on the subject and carry the fullness of his knowledge to the camp of Mr. Gulland, where he has been welcomed, if not with open arms — for the member for East Edinburgh is not one to be greeted thus — at least, with the attention due to a most useful Second Gentleman? Whatever the reasons, the nimble peltast, Mr. Pringle, and the Erecynthian Mr. Hodge, are both active on the Government's flank, and they win the admiring applause of those Liberals who have seemed of late to desire the downfall of Mr. Lloyd George even more than that of the Kaiser. Occasionally, however, they receive a sharp reminder of the opinion in which their activities are held by other members of the House. Mr. Austen Chamberlain administered a stinging rebuke when he found that certain criticisms which he was passing on the Government were being noisily applauded by Messrs. Pringle and Hogge, sitting just behind him. Turning contemptuously upon them, he told them that he did not court their applause and would rather be without it, for whereas he criticized the Government in order to strengthen it, they did so to weaken it and pull it down. Confusion covered them for a moment, but the next hour found them unabashed as ever.

The top bench below the gangway on the ministerial side, where this pair of gladiators sit, is the recognized

breeding ground of revolt and sedition. Before the war Major Wedgwood used to contend with Mr. Joseph King for the corner seat, but the major, who has since played such a gallant part that even Tory landlords forgive him his fanatical crotchet of the single tax on land, is off again on his country's service, and Mr. King soon found Mr. Pringle's elbows too painfully sharp for his ribs, and gave up the unequal contest. Mr. Watt, a Glasgow member with a loud laugh and quaint Brummelite leanings, much affects the society of these dashing swordsmen, but takes little active part in their encounters. Sometimes, too, Mr. Roch is of the company, though it is not the place which those who know his Parliamentary talents would desire to see him occupy. He is another Radical of ability whose claims to office have been overlooked; but that is a poor justification for harassing the Government. Others, similarly neglected, have not allowed their disappointment to influence their conduct. One might name several Unionists, who doubtless thought they had good claims to other recognition than the Knighthood, or Baronetcy, or Privy Councilorship which has partly salved their wounded feelings, but besides these there are others who had special qualifications for particular posts. Take Mr. Joynson-Hicks, for example! For years before the war he was an enthusiastic prophet of the future of the Air Service. He never lost an opportunity of urging the Government of the day to realize what mastery of the air would mean in case of war, and to be prepared beforehand. He did more to create a favorable public opinion than any other member of Parliament. When the war came, he continued his advocacy more insistently than ever. When London lay an almost defenseless target

below the Zeppelins it was he who attacked the supineness of the authorities and demanded a reorganization of the Air Service on the lines on which, after a period of mischievous blundering, it has at length taken place. But was Mr. Joynson-Hicks offered a post in the new Air Ministry? Oh, no! His claims were ignored, and the Under-Secretaryship went to one who was a leading Minister's private secretary, and had earned promotion in the ordinary, humdrum way.

Prominent among the new-comers to the House is Mr. J. A. R. Marriott, member for Oxford City, who took the place of Viscount Valentia, one of the mutest men who ever adorned a Front Bench. There is no tendency to muteness, however, in his successor. When he took his seat he shouted the oath so that the words rang out clear above the customary babel, and he kissed the Book with a loud resounding smack. Mr. Marriott has addressed too many generations of undergraduates and University Extension students to have preserved even a trace of diffidence or shyness, and he talks to members as though he half expected them to take down his choicest crystals into their notebooks, while he minglest politics and history in not unpleasing blend. But when did diffuseness cease to be accounted a serious fault at Oxford? Mr. Marriott perpetually repeats in each sentence the emphatic phrase, or half-phrase, of its predecessor, while after every fourth or fifth sentence there comes an automatic readjustment of his wayward pince-nez. Mr. Marriott, however, has made a good start. He has got a totally fresh audience, which is always an inspiring thing for a lecturer, and there is ample room in the House of Commons for one who will teach members a little history without too obviously seeming to play

the pedagogue. For while the procedure of the House is governed to an almost incredible degree by historical precedent, and the rulings of the Chair are strictly based upon it, even to the point of pedantry, on the policy of Governments and on their legislative proposals history is only allowed to shed but a feeble and fitful light.

One of the most constant attendants at Westminster is Mr. Arthur Lynch, the Nationalist. He is also one of its best-informed and most accomplished members, for he possesses a wide scientific knowledge that is shared by very few, and besides being a learned student of English literature, he speaks and writes with a note of real distinction. There is no more knowledgable person when an 'off' subject comes up for discussion — on art, medicine, poetry, music, strategy, diplomacy, education, Mr. Lynch has strong, original views, which are not the conventional ideas of the hour as gathered from a hurried dip into an *Encyclopædia* or from a perfunctory conversation with some chance-met expert. And yet, when he rises to speak, the Chamber empties. In part, Mr. Lynch has himself to thank for this, because he has so often outraged some of the deepest feelings of his brother members. No one now reckons against him his 'escapade' during the Boer War; but he has still to live down the anger excited by the extreme violence of his attacks upon Lord Kitchener after the first few months of the war, and the license which he allows himself in putting 'improper' questions on the paper, in order to make covert attacks on public servants who have no opportunity of reply. Hence most of his best speeches are delivered to empty benches, though they possess just the very qualities required to supply

charm and variety in a machine-made assembly, where witty speech is rare. Alas, it is even rarer than it need be, because the most brilliant talker of the day sits obstinately silent. Since he made his tragical speech of personal explanation after the Easter Rebellion of two years ago. Mr. Birrell has not broken silence in a House which has always been singularly appreciative of and responsive to his wit. Is this playing fair to his company? No one supposes that the fountain of Birrellism has run dry, and no one expects him to talk on Irish affairs, but there was a time when he was interested in education. Yet not even Mr. Fisher's great Education Bill drew from him a single syllable. Did not Dr. Johnson once pass caustic comment on a wit who sat moodily taciturn in his presence, taking from the company all it had to give and offering nothing in return? A humorist of very different calibre is Mr. S. L. Hughes, who displayed his talent on a recent occasion when the House made itself supremely ridiculous by instituting a formal debate on the undue influence exercised by certain newspaper proprietors upon the Government. Mr. Asquith rewarded the mirth maker by pronouncing this speech to be one of 'extraordinary wit and charm'; and it certainly had a tumultuous success, for the House rocked with laughter, and the laughter turned the sharp edge of the debate. But it was purchased at a heavy price to the profession — other than Parliamentary — to which Mr. Hughes belongs; and it is doubtful whether the press is under any real obligation to him for the clowning with which he turned the tables upon its angry and jealous assailants. The present House of Commons is acutely jealous of and antagonistic to the press. Each raises — shall we say

inky or sordid? — hands at the alleged degradation of the other.

Another humorist — in effect, whatever may be his intention — is Sir Hedworth Meux. There must be a head to hit, or a scalp to take, before he gets up, and what amuses the House is the spasmodic, wrathful way in which the Admiral moves into action, spluttering expletives as he goes. He browbeats Ministers on the Treasury Bench, as if they were cabin boys, but then, as he once explained, he has been accustomed most of his life to giving orders to people who dared not 'answer back.' Sir Hedworth pursues his private vendettas with just the same gusto that Lord Charles Beresford used to exhibit, and with the same unshaken belief that he seeks his enemy's blood entirely in the public interest. Though he objects vehemently to being described as 'breezy,' breezes invariably spring up at his rising, and often cluster to a storm, for, as Mr. Churchill once remarked of Lord Charles, who had attacked him with more than usual incoherence, 'he never knows what he is going to say before he gets up, and never knows what he has said when he sits down.' That is no less true of Sir Hedworth Meux, who has an even richer faculty for irrelevant indiscretion and an even greater daring in drawing upon his stock of anecdote.

The current fashion with members is to observe very lightly the duty of personal attendance. But there are exceptions, and Mr. George Faber is one of them, and he is as unselfish as he is patient, for in these days he rarely speaks. The member for Clapham belongs to the honorable company of those who have not swerved from the course they set themselves at the beginning of the war — to know no party politics till

victory was won and to support loyally the Government of the day. Yet successive Radical Administrations, from 1906 to 1914, had no more vehement opponent than he. His indignation at the Licensing Bill, at the Budget of 1909, and at the Parliament and Home Rule Bills, used to bring him to his feet in committee in a state of almost speechless wrath. At times he would stand with eyes shut, wholly at a loss for words, and with his right hand feebly smiting the left. But the horrors of this war have shaken him to the depths of his being, and any expression of patriotic sentiment, from whatever quarter, is sure of a plaudit from Mr. George Faber, who flings back his head as he cheers, so that he may toss his 'Hear, hear,' a note higher than those around him. Any carping criticism, on the other hand, especially if it comes from the Front Opposition Bench, makes him restless and moves him to wrathful comment. And patriotic tempers are sorely strained at times when the Pacifists are taking merciless advantage of the extraordinary tolerance of the majority, and it seems to require a strong effort of self-restraint on the part of Mr. Thorne and Mr. Stanton to prevent them from rushing across the floor of the House and sweeping the whole bench clear with one wild swoop. But they just boom forth an occasional epithet of contempt, which glides unheeded past the ear of the Chair. Like the whole majority section of the Labor Party, they are splendidly loyal to the compact which they made with the Government, and whatever intrigues there are at Westminster — and they are many — loyal labor has played the game.

Lateat scintillula forsan! A Prime Minister, taking a leisurely look round the Back Benches, would find

no difficulty in equipping his Administration half-a-dozen times over with law officers and restocking the courts with judges. K.C.s are plentiful in the House of Commons; even K.C.s in big practice, whose time is money, and everyone knows what brings the political lawyers to Westminster. They are there to get on, and they seem to bring with them from their chambers in Lincoln's Inn or the Temple an almost perfect detachment from personal conviction. Occasionally, indeed, there comes upon the scene a doughty swashbuckler like Mr. Hemmerde, who works up a very tolerable imitation of intense Radical emotion. But the traditional pose of the political lawyers is strict decorum. They keep before their eyes the dignity of the prize of their high calling. The thought that in the time to come they may be Judges of the High Court keeps them decorous and, with few exceptions, dull. It is a paradoxical road to the seat of absolute impartiality — this short cut through the arena of party politics — but everything is made easy for lawyers at Westminster, as though their convenience and interests were paramount above all others. Yet they do not stir our pulses. Who marks the K.C.'s rising with a gleam of hope that the discussion is about to be illuminated, or that the theme will be treated with freshness? When the Speaker calls on Mr. X, of Pump Court, or Mr. Y, of Fig Tree Court, or Mr. Z, of King's Bench Walk, we know what is coming. If the subject be new, they speak as if they had 'swatted it up' for their hearers' benefit, and they give the points in a clear and orderly way. But if it be a well-worn theme, they merely pulp it again. Their heart is not in the job. They bring tired and jaded brains to politics. There is too little purely

disinterested public service at Westminster from any section of politicians, but the political lawyers give perhaps least of all.

The Fortnightly Review

PRESIDENT WILSON'S WAR MIND

BY L. P. JACKS

To understand the war mind of President Wilson, and to learn the lesson it conveys, we must read his speeches from the beginning of the war as though they formed a continuous whole. Those who have not the full text of the speeches before them will find a good substitute in *The Foreign Policy of Woodrow Wilson*, by Messrs. Robinson and West (Macmillan), in which the relevant passages are presented in historical order. Reading them continuously, they present us with a natural, inevitable, and yet very remarkable evolution. I find nothing inconsistent between the earlier and the later sayings of the President, notwithstanding that the former are devoted to the advocacy of peace and the latter to the advocacy of war. On the contrary, the later passages throw back a meaning on to the earlier, which make them doubly significant, while the earlier are like the clear hours of the morning in which the weatherwise may read the portent of a coming storm.

It has been said that whosoever writes the history of the war must write it as a drama; and certainly there has been no more dramatic feature in the whole tragic story than that presented by the movement of Mr. Wilson's mind from position to

position in correspondence with the gradual unfolding of the plot. In reading through these speeches one has the feeling familiar to every lover of the *Odyssey*. There is the same gradual darkening of the atmosphere as events march on to the final catastrophe, the same tightening of expectancy and tension as the gathering storm comes nearer, until at last, when the gloom is deepest, the lightning leaps out and retribution falls on the wrongdoer. If the words are not inadequate to matter of such moment, one may say of the speeches that they have the wholeness of a work of art. The germinating idea of Mr. Wilson's policy is that America, because of her greatness, of her power, of her vast potentialities, is a *servant* among the nations, and not a *master*. It is a noble conception, and peculiarly fitted to inspire a young and mighty people with a vision of its destiny, and so to mark out for it in the centuries that are to come a line of development different from and I think higher than, any which the older states of the world have so far pursued. Though the idea of greatness in service has been long familiar in other connections, where perhaps it has received more lip service than loyalty, President Wilson is the first statesman to make it operative, or to

endeavor to make it operative, as a guiding principle of international politics; and this alone, whether he succeeds or not, assures him a distinct place in history and in the grateful remembrance of mankind. Needless to say, this idea — that the greatest nation must needs be a servant nation — stands out as the polar opposite to the notion of national greatness which prevails with the rulers and apparently with the people of Germany; and a prescient mind, on hearing it first announced by Mr. Wilson in the early stages of the war, might have predicted that a moment would come when the two opposites, driven by a dramatic or moral necessity, would break out into open conflict with one another.

From the very first, the question uppermost in the President's mind has been this: In what way, by what policy, by what action can America best *serve* the nations involved in the struggle, and through them mankind at large? Again and again his public utterances have repeated this, thereby showing its solemn insistence in his private mind; and though he has varied his answer with the change of circumstance, he has never departed from the purpose and spirit of the question. Indeed, he did not wait for the war to disclose his guiding idea.

On March 5, 1914, he said, in a message to Congress when the Panama tolls were under discussion: 'We are too big, too powerful, too self-respecting a nation to interpret with too strained or refined a reading the words of our own promises just because we have power enough to give us leave to read them as we please' — a sentence which, in its latter clause, anticipates the most hateful aspect of German policy both in the initiation and the conduct of the war, and is almost a prediction of the coming

conflict. Again, on April 30, 1915, he said to the members of the Associated Press: 'We do not want anything that does not belong to us. Is not a nation in that position free to serve other nations?' And three days after the Lusitania had been sunk he followed with the statement, so much misunderstood at the time: 'I am interested in neutrality because there is something so much greater to do than to fight. There is a distinction waiting for this nation which no nation has ever yet had.' A year later he sounded the same note. On April 19, 1916, he said: 'We cannot forget that we are the responsible spokesmen of the rights of humanity.' What this last involved comes out very clearly in the Address to Congress on the occasion of America's entry into the war. 'We shall fight for the things we have always carried nearest our hearts — for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own government, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations, and make the world itself free.'

If the reader will take these speeches as a connected whole, or even the few sentences I have quoted, he will have before him the *Odyssey* of the President's mind. They indicate the successive stages through which he passed in his efforts to find an answer to the question: How can the United States, in the world crisis that has now arisen, most effectually serve mankind? In the earlier stages 'neutrality' covered the answer that then seemed most fitting. By remaining neutral the President believed that the United States could render most help not only in hastening the advent of peace, but in giving to peace, whenever it

should come, the form most conducive to the just interests of all concerned. He believed — and rightly believed — that impartiality would confer upon America rights and powers as a peacemaker both during the conflict and afterwards; and he saw, further, that a peace-making nation was the world's greatest need at the time. Then, through no will of his own, but by the direct action of Germany, the right to be neutral, the power to be impartial, was taken from him. The consequence was that the first form of his answer was necessarily abandoned as no longer applicable to the circumstances, and another had to be sought. Only one was possible. If America was to serve all nations she must make war on the Power which was striving to make all nations serve itself. Thus, by what I again venture to call dramatic necessity, we are carried stage by stage from the moment when the President declared 'there is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight' to the last sentence of his speech the other day: 'There is therefore but one response possible from us: force, force to the utmost, force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant force which shall make right the law of the world, and cast every selfish dominion down into the dust.' Thus was Wilson the peacemaker turned into Wilson the warmaker. The 'divinity that shapes our ends' is clearly accountable for the transition, and the world may rejoice that it found in the President an instrument amenable to its guidance. He stands out to-day as the foremost interpreter of the international mind.

The authors of the admirable book to which I have referred have done well to interweave with their narrative the almost synchronous story of the President's dealings with Mex-

ico, for the two things throw light upon one another. If a guarantee were needed for the entire sincerity of Mr. Wilson's professions it could be found in the record of the Mexican transactions. These had given rise to the notion among his European critics, and also, I think, among not a few of his fellow countrymen, that he was an impracticable idealist. We now know that his Mexican policy and his European policy were intimately related. They sprang from the same root, and had the same guiding idea. Judged by the standards which most conquering Powers have applied to their actions, Mr. Wilson would have been fully justified in making war upon Mexico for the purpose of restoring order, if for nothing else. There were many Liberal statesmen in other countries who found his attitude hard to understand, and in some instances openly condemned it, and there is little doubt that he would have raised his general reputation as a statesman — at least, for a time — if he had pursued a 'stronger' policy. We now know, however, and by the clearest of evidence, that the 'impracticable idealism' which kept him out of war with Mexico was identically the same with that which later on brought him into war with Germany. As in the later so in the earlier problem, the question Mr. Wilson set himself to answer was how can the American Republic *help* — how can it best serve the interests of the rich but disordered and miserable country which fate has assigned as its neighbor?

There were abundant precedents for intervention to which Mr. Wilson might have appealed without the slightest fear that his credit would suffer. He came to the conclusion, however, that the best service the United States could render to Mexico

was to respect her integrity and independence, and leave her to work out her own salvation. To the argument that Mexico was incapable of doing this, and that neither her integrity nor her independence was worthy of respect he consistently turned a deaf ear; nor was he much more attentive to the various commercial interests that were involved.

As one reads the story in the light of later events, one is tempted to believe that some kindly genius was warning the President of the situation he would shortly have to face. For, if he had acted on the lines demanded by his critics, he would not only have tied up a considerable part of the national resources at a time when they were all wanted for a far graver enterprise, but he would have seemed to be acting on the accursed principle which underlies the creed of Germany, and so deprived the Allies of the enormous moral force which the entry of America into the war has conferred on the common cause. Had Mexico been within striking distance of German aggression there is not a doubt she would have been conquered, exploited, and enslaved. We well regret that Mexico is still in the condition of chaos, and may possibly remain so for some time to come. But this is as nothing compared with the fact that President Wilson has clean hands.

I cannot refrain from thinking, however, that the President's experience with Mexico may be in some measure accountable for what I will venture to call a certain limitation of vision in his view of 'the smaller and weaker nations'—a limitation he shares with many who have less excuse for displaying it. In his public utterances, especially in those which refer to the League of Peace, he constantly tends to speak of these small

nations as though they were satisfied with their present smallness and nurtured no designs of expansion at the expense of their neighbors—a description which is true of some of them and possibly of Mexico and of other Latin-American states with which the President has been brought into more immediate contact. Whether or no I am right in assigning this as the cause—and perhaps I am totally wrong—there can be no doubt that Mr. Wilson's habit of mind inclines him to think of small states as needing rather protection than restraint.

Again and again we find him referring to the right of small states to develop their own life in their own way, and to the duty of great states to protect them in this right. Unfortunately, however, there are some small states whose outstanding characteristic is the desire to become big ones at the expense of their neighbors, and whose notion of living their own life in their own way takes precisely that form. Small states of this character—and there are several of them—are among the chief troublers of the peace of the world; and it would be difficult for Powers which were once small ones themselves, and have grown great by conquest, to make a rule forbidding the present small Powers from following their own example; and the first attempts to enforce such a rule would certainly lead to some embarrassing reminders, and perhaps to some bitter taunts. But here again the history of the United States has been very different from that of the other great Powers. She would be immune—or almost immune—from the taunts to which the others would be exposed. And this perhaps may also account, in part, for the fact that Mr. Wilson shows a tendency to overlook the

difficulty. No doubt the difficulty would be largely overcome if it were the lot of the United States to exercise a dominating influence in the League of Nations. And this we may very well believe to be her destiny. 'America,' asserted President Wilson, in May, 1915, 'was created to unite mankind.'

That the rights of great nations are entitled to respect only when they are translated into corresponding duties to mankind is a principle which the guiding minds of the British Empire are prepared to accept. Our people have long been familiar with 'the White Man's Burden,' and all that Mr. Wilson has said about America as the uniter of nations is, if I mistake not, only a wider application of the principle which underlies that phrase. He speaks a language we understand, and he will find us ready to join hands with him, and with his countrymen, in united effort to realize his great ideal of international service. It is not enough that an alliance should exist between America and Great Britain. It is essential that it should be guided by a clear and lofty principle of action. This principle Mr. Wilson has supplied, and he has stated it in a form which expresses the best elements of our own political aspirations. The effect has been not only to increase our confidence in the outcome of the war, and to give us a new assurance that we stand upon the rock, but to open out a great prospect of future service to humanity in which America and Great Britain will be joined hand to hand. Only when nations are united on the highest ground can we say that they are united at all. It is to the highest ground that Mr. Wilson has raised our alliance, and so long as we stand there together this alliance will remain indissoluble.

I have spoken of President Wilson's mind as having evolved its present character. It is a war mind evolved from a peace mind, the most dangerous sort of mind for an enemy to encounter. But we should make a mistake if we were to assume that Mr. Wilson's evolution will be arrested at its present stage. It will unquestionably go on to further developments. What precisely these will be it is, of course, impossible to say; but we may be sure that they will follow the general course of his evolution up to date. This has taken the form of making clear and explicit in his later policy what was hidden and implicit in his earlier policy.

In forecasting the line of his future influence we should do well, therefore, to ask which of his present principles contains the largest implications, for he is certain to develop them as time goes on. My own choice would be for the principle contained in his saying that America's purpose in going to war is 'to make the world safe for democracy.' Making the world safe for democracy involves much more than is apparent at first sight. The first requirement is, of course, the overthrow of autocratic domination; for it is certain that, so long as democracy is entangled with autocracy in a common system of international relations, autocracy will call the tune and war will be a perpetual menace to mankind. For the time being we need think of nothing else; but when this has been accomplished we shall have to go much farther if Mr. Wilson's ideal of a world 'safe for democracy' is to be made good.

I believe that Mr. Wilson is fully prepared for this, and that he will develop his principle when the time is ripe. *Punch*, in a famous cartoon, unconsciously hit the nail, when it exhibited the White House with a

closed door, on which the words were written: 'The President is thinking.'

Yes, he was thinking to some purpose, and he is thinking still. So are we.

Land and Water

THE WEEVILS

BY ZERES

What is known in India as the Ghadr movement was at the root of the . . . conspiracy. That movement has for its object the overthrow of the British Government in India by violent means. — *London Daily Paper, Feb. 12, 1917.*

'ANYTHING new in the Reuters to-night?' asked Captain Jennings as he sipped an iced vermouth under the snowy punkahs of the Native Cavalry Mess.

'Nothing worth writing home about,' replied his subaltern, loosening the starched collar of his white mess jacket as he spoke. 'Usual sort of rot, "steady progress was made on the right"—somewhere in France. Minor push in Messpot, and half a dozen tramp steamers done in; I say, it's about the frozen limit, sitting here doing nothing in a stinking oven like Sepahipore, when at home every civilian's in khaki gettin' D.S.O.'s and M.C.'s.'

The grievance was an old one, and because, at the end of an Indian June, nobody takes the slightest interest in the troubles of their fellow men, the Captain vouchsafed no reply, but settled himself down to the advertisement column of the *Pioneer*. 'Bay Australian Gelding,' he read out mechanically, 'sixteen hands, stanch after pig, trained charger, carries a lady—'

'And waits at table,' interrupted

his subaltern cynically. 'I know the breed, India's full of 'em; owner only sellin' as an act of public philanthropy — two thousand rupees, with the syce thrown in! Pooh! but it's hot! Here, Mohamed, bring me a peg!'

He flung himself listlessly upon the green leather sofa and stared critically at the shape of his faultless white mess overalls, so tightly strapped under his well-cut Wellington boots. 'By the way, Jennings,' he remarked suddenly, 'what d' you think of that new squadron clerk of ours?'

'Why d' you ask?' replied the Captain, glancing up from his newspaper.

'Well, he strikes me as being a bit too well educated for an ordinary squadron babu. Why the deuce does he come to the regiment when he might easily get a billet in the Civil on twice the pay? Does n't it strike you as being a bit fishy? One's got to be on the lookout for rotters nowadays after that Lahore conspiracy case.'

The Captain yawned. 'I wish to goodness you'd keep off that bally sedition mania of yours, Dicky. You see an anarchist in every punkah coolie

nowadays, and it gets a bit monotonous in the hot weather. What about that wretched khitmatar of yours you had up before the D.C.* a month ago?' and he smiled maliciously.

Dicky Magniac flushed guiltily under his warm tan at this humiliating recollection, and flung the sofa cushion at his Squadron Commander's head. 'Nobody can be right every ruddy time,' he objected, as, ducking, he avoided the swiftly returned missile; 'but it's always just as well to be on the safe side, particularly in wartime.'

'And so let the men think you distrust them? That's *asking* for trouble with the wily Oriental.'

'I'm not worrying about the men at present,' replied young Magniac stubbornly, 'but about the bally swine who get gassing rot to them; and as a matter of fact I've noticed this particular Bengali babu messing around the Sikh squadrons for the last month rather more than seemed necessary.'

'I think you can safely leave the politics of the Sikh squadrons in the hands of old Risaldar Major Pahl Singh,' said his Squadron Leader; 'you don't doubt *his* loyalty, do you?'

'Lord, no! but he's getting old and easy-going and I don't believe he knows half of what goes on nowadays among his own people.'

'You'd better not say that to the old boy himself!' laughed the Captain. 'He's no respecter of persons until they've been in the regiment about twenty years. Even I, with ten years' service, am a mere boy from his point of view, and you at twenty-two he probably regards as a sort of regimental mascot!'

Dicky Magniac smiled good-temperedly. 'That's just what I complain of in our show,' he said. 'Everybody

in India is considered an irresponsible kid until he's too old to be any bally use. I've a good mind to go to the K.A.R.*—Africa's a young man's country.'

'Out of the mouths of babes,' etc., quoted the Colonel as he entered the mess, mopping his prickly-heat-tormented brow. 'Has Dicky found another anarchist? Who is it this time? My wife's ayah? Why the blazes is the mess trumpet late? Oh! there it goes. Where are the others? Come along! It's going to be a real scorcher to-night.' And he clanked into the dining room and seated himself in front of the revolving thermantidote.

In appearance Lieutenant the Honorable Richard Magniac—to give him the full style of address so dear to the official Anglo-Indian mind—was a typical Indian cavalry subaltern of the variety that the peculiar conditions of this service have evolved during the last hundred years, until it exists to-day as something unique in our Imperial system. Fair, slim, and sunburned, with an easy, careless carriage that had lost the irksome stiffness of former Sandhurst drill instructors, a light weight on a horse, with even lighter hands, an immaculate figure upon parade in the tight green turban, the loose gray robe, and the dull gleaming riding boots of his picturesque native uniform, he stood wholly representative of the spirit of his service, which resents sergeant-majorism, deems polo and pig-sticking the only way of gentlemanly salvation, and which yearns devoutly to pit its light lances and handy little horses against the heavier but slower manœuvring Continental cavalry, even as the Saracens were formerly pitted against the Crusaders. It would be an entirely unjust criticism to say that the Indian Army officer

*Deputy Commissioner.

*King's African Rifles.

is unimaginative concerning, or uninfluenced by, the eastern environment in which his lot is cast; but in nine cases out of ten his too intimate connection with the daily drudgery of an Asiatic career has destroyed his youthful awe for 'the mysterious East' of the globe trotter and novelist, until India has become, for him at least, no longer mysterious but frankly prosaic.

We said in nine cases out of ten as regards the men who lost their belief in the romance of the East; but Dicky Magniac was the tenth, and, undeterred by good-natured ridicule on the part of Captain Jennings, he stuck to his guns, and maintained his rather logical belief that the Englishman would never appreciate India, until, daring greatly, he should occasionally leave the charmed circle of commonplace Anglo-Indian life and plunge into the remotest corners of native city and jungle. In all this he was strongly encouraged by one Major Berkelaye, who for the time being was seconded from the regiment for staff employment in France. But, then, Berkelaye was one of those impossible individuals who spend half their leave messing around every eastern caravanserai that they can find between Agra and Teheran, simply because they really enjoy such unholy vagabondages.

Whether such students of Asiatic life and character are wise or foolish in their disreputably unconventional *modus operandi* is a matter of opinion; but, for the purposes of this narrative, it is enough to say that Dicky Magniac knew far more of certain aspects of the complex *vie intime* of an Oriental squadron than most subalterns of his age and service.

The officers in mess finished their dinner and adjourned to the ante-room. A rubber of auction bridge was

arranged, and two energetic mortals began to knock the billiard balls about, albeit the relentless thermometer reminded them that it was over 105 degrees Fahrenheit even inside the artificially cooled mess-house; and this at half-past ten at night.

Dicky smoked a cheroot, and, having exhausted the humor of the *Winning Post* and the art of *La Vie Parisienne*, bade the senior officer present an ironic 'good-night,' and strolled out into the lonely moonlit mess compound.

The noisy Indian crickets shrilled through the merciless heat, a jackal wailed from a patch of ragged crops near the road, and a snake rustled warily through some dead leaves at his feet.

He entered the bachelors' quarters at the back of the mess-house, commonly known in the elegant argot of the cantonment as the 'Dog's Home,' and, after rousing the slumbering punkah coolie, seated himself in front of his ugly roll-top desk and reached for a Persian grammar, a copy of Omar's immortal *Rubaiyat*, and an American copy book. Then, lighting a cigarette, he proceeded to translate the delicately cynical philosophy of the ancient East into literal modern and rather clumsy English. 'Far as I can make out, Fitzgerald's translation seems a bit free,' he muttered grimly to himself. 'Can't see anything about "a loaf of bread and thou." The actual Persian seems to indicate "a thigh bone of mutton and thou"! Bit of realist, old Omar, if I'm correct! I'll ask the *Munshi* to-morrow.'

'The stars are setting, and the caravan Starts for the Dawn of Nothing. Oh, make haste!'

he quoted thoughtfully. 'That's damned good if you really come to

think of it, and then people say the East does n't understand sarcasm! Hullo! what's up, Pincher?' for his English fox terrier stood bristling all over with some canine emotion that was not altogether anger.

Gur-r-r-h, began Pincher truculently, and then, with a howl, he bolted incontinently under his master's bed. At the same moment the punkah coolie dropped the punkah rope noiselessly, and disappeared into the silent darkness.

The unseen cause of all this discomfiture refusing to reveal itself, Dicky did the only thing possible in India under such circumstances, and called loudly for his head servant. But outside silence reigned supreme; no bubbling kettles upon their gipsy fires, no chattering native children, and worst of all, no respectable Mohamed Din, most resourceful of mortals.

'Bearer!' he shouted again and yet again. 'Come hither, O shameless one! Your master awaits you; are you a king that you tarry thus?'

Again Pincher howled — a dreary kind of banshee howl that is not comforting in the lonely gloom of a deserted bungalow in devil-ridden Asia. 'Shut up, you brute!' cried Dicky. 'What in the name of Allah's up?'

Then suddenly, out of the hot furnace of the shimmering Indian night, arose a stout shadowy figure in an attitude of abject apology. 'My lord called and I was not,' it said tearfully, 'and great is my shame and my error. Forgive me, Cherisher of the Poor, but I was frightened; I am only a poor man with very many children.'

'Are you drunk?' asked Dicky prosaically, for the old servant was ashy gray and trembling from head to foot.

'No, sahib,' replied Mohamed Din

piteously. 'I am, as you know, a follower of the Prophet who abstained from wine.'

'Then why all this upset? The dog is frightened, the punkah coolie is frightened, and now you are frightened!'

'Even the dog was frightened, sahib?'

'Yes.'

If Mohamed Din had been a Catholic, he would have crossed himself. Being a devout Mussulman, he merely shivered. 'No *Djinn* can injure a true believer,' he remarked unconvincingly, 'but *this* house is the abode of Christians!' And then, regardless of all domestic etiquette, he sat down heavily upon the floor, although his master was still standing.

'Is all the world mad to-night?' asked Dicky angrily.

'No, huzoor; but if I tell you the truth concerning my terror, you, as a sahib, will never believe me.'

'Why not?'

'Because the Sahib Log, being so clever with their *rel* trains, their sailless ships, and their air carriages, have forgotten that aught lives upon Allah's earth save only water, oil, and iron, or such like creatures.'

Dicky shied off the inevitable theological controversy on Western Materialism, so dear to the Moslem mind. 'What do you mean exactly?' he asked crisply.

'This, sahib. Have you forgotten that here in this bungalow, some sixty years ago, lived three young sahibs such as you, save only that they were of the Infantry?'

'Well, what about them?'

'All were slain by their own Sepoys, sahib, in the bad old days before Delhi fell.'

'I know that as well as you do, but what has it got to do with all this row?'

'This only, huzoor — nay, do not smile — that young Errington Sahib, the Adjutant, was slain in this very room, pistol in hand, his back against that cupboard; and ever since that night, when evil is in the wind, he comes to warn all other sahibs to be ready — even as he was *not*.'

'Cheery sort of yarn to hear at midnight,' soliloquized Dicky to himself. Aloud he added: 'Then, did he come to-night?'

'Even so, sahib, he breathed upon the dog, he struck the punkah coolie — for ever since *then* he has hated all of us black men — and me he saw. Hence my flight!'

'And you really believe all this balderdash, Mohamed Din?'

The old servant pulled himself together indignantly. 'Of what use to speak to sahibs of what is real?' he cried ironically. 'When I lie about the loss of the Presence's shirts or undervests, I am believed, but when I tell the truth about Errington Sahib, I am mocked!'

Dicky looked at him more kindly. 'Never mind,' he said, laughing. 'I dare say your sahib is almost as big a fool as you think him yourself! But now thus ordain matters that the punkah coolie returns, for it is hot, and I would sleep before dawn.'

Mohamed Din hobbled across the compound to do his bidding. 'Now always excepting our Colonel Sahib,' he grumbled piously to himself, 'also the other officers of this *Risala* and the English Magistrate at Umballa, who, twelve years ago, gave judgment against mine enemy, may God's curse rest eternally upon all infidels, for who, save Satan, can fathom the depths of their unbelief!'

A question that is often put to the sorely-tried Anglo-Indian official when he spends his hardly-earned leave

among his English cousins is: 'Could there ever be another Indian Mutiny?' This form of inquiry is exactly upon a par with other abstract generalizations, such as: 'Is Europe musical?' or 'Does poultry farming pay?' The armies of India — both those directly under the Crown and those that are raised by the Great Feudatory Princes of the land — form a cosmopolitan host of Asiatic soldiery, differing in race, religion, language, and character. For the most part they are primitive individuals, feudal in mind, contemptuous of western innovations, suspicious of all change, and intensely sensitive where their honor, creed, or dignity is concerned; devotedly loyal to any personality or cause that grips their imagination, they are also credulous and ignorant, and to exploit such soldierly simplicity for his own purpose, has been the eternal hope of every political agitator both before and after '57.

All this — and much more — was known to the tatterdemalion on the edge of the Grand Trunk Road. His foul matted beard, his long wine-colored hair, his steady passionless eyes, and his ragged salmon-colored habit, all alike proclaimed him a religious mystic such as the occult philosophy of Ancient Hinduism has encouraged for the last three thousand years. He was accompanied by a *chela* or disciple, a rather cheeky-looking Hindu boy of ten, who, as yet, showed no sign of mystical propensities, but who conversely clutched feverishly at an almost indecently big begging bowl that should merely have been the modest symbol of a voluntary poverty.

We have said that this Hindu fakir knew of all the idiosyncrasies of the Sepoy army and of the hundred cross currents that eddy and swirl around the rock of its loyalty, for he had

been a soldier himself before seeking the Path that leads to the High Consciousness.

At the moment of introducing him to the reader he was sitting like some graven image under the shade of a huge mango grove that flanked the King's highway, lost in a meditation of High Indifference to the tedious exactions of life. His sympathetic *chela* was laying out a hurdle course of twigs for two grasshoppers which he intended to race against each other, and in the distance the gardens, minarets, and cantonments of Sepahipore lay like the scenery of a theatre curtain under the pearly mists of the fiery Indian sunset. An ox-wagon creaked sleepily past the seekers after knowledge; a sacred monkey crept close to the fakir's bosom, in its pathetic quest for human sympathy; and finally, young Sodager Singh, Sikh trumpeter of the Forty-fourth Indian Lancers, came riding by in all his youthful martial glory.

At the sight of the religieux he reined back his fretting country-bred mare, and asking for a blessing at his hands, threw a small silver coin to the businesslike *chela*, who believed firmly in the maxim of the laborer being worthy of his hire.

The fakir, in his professional capacity, adjured destiny to be kind to the youth's future, and then, noting his regimental badge, turned suddenly upon him. 'You are in the forty-fourth *Risala*?' he asked incuriously.

'Yes, my father and my mother!'

'A good regiment — the best in Hindustan?'

'Without doubt: our Colonel Sahib is the best polo player in the world, and my Squadron Commander has shot forty-eight tigers. The rest of our sahibs are laughter-loving, of good report in their own land, and never over-harsh to the necessary

indiscretions of a smart young Sikh, provided he knows his trumpet calls at the gallop, takes his tent peg thrice out of four runs, and abstains from the tobacco and the razor that our *Durbar* forbids.'

'Then you like your regiment?'

'Why not? My Squadron Commander, who is named —'

'Peace be with thy Squadron Commander,' interrupted the fakir patiently; 'we have now spoken together of trifles, but what of the new babu in "C" Squadron?'

'My own Squadron! By the *Granth-Sahib*,'* you have the hidden knowledge!' and the youth shivered superstitiously as he dug his small, sharply spurred boot-heel against the wincing flank of the sweating chestnut mare. 'What do I know of babus?' he asked sullenly, 'I who am a soldier?'

'And also — it would seem — a fool!'

'Forgive me, Holiest! I am but a simple horse breeder from Tarn Taran.'

'Now you speak truth!'

'Why not to such as *thee*! Peace! indifferent seed of a donkey stallion' — this to his indignant charger — 'I dismount!'

He leaped nimbly to the ground, and, handing his reins to the *chela*, seated himself ingenuously in the dust at the mystic's feet. Then he thrust the bamboo shaft of his slender lance under his left armpit, and threw himself into one of those graceful, easy postures that come so naturally to the dignified yet careless Oriental.

'You know, then, of this babu, whom men call Anath Bhose, O Solver of Secrets?'

'Even so, trumpeter; do you like him?'

'I like a babu! God forbid! but he is useful to those whose purse is empty.'

'What does he give you?'

*The Sikh Bible.

'Many things — a padded quilt and the quinine medicine against the malaria, good rum, and opium when the belly aches, but mostly rum and sweetmeats and talk.'

'Hai! talk?'

'Aye, forever he talks like all Bengalis and other fish-eaters. Talking and writing are, I verily believe, to a Bengali what war and love are to a Sikh!'

'And of what does he talk?'

'Of men and gods and changes and visions and the follies of the Raj.'

'And you listen?'

'Aye, for good rum is not cheap in wartime, and do not the follies of the Raj always compel the wonder of those who are not smitten by the same madness as the English?'

'What dost thou know of the English, O mere horse-begetter?'

'Naught, save that I swore upon enlistment to fight for one *Garge Padishah** this side of the water or across it. And by God! he seems to have many enemies! Are we not forever fighting his battles from Tirah to France, and from the land of the Somalis to that of the Chinese?'

'Has Anath Bhose said aught against the English *Padishah*?' interrupted the fakir.

The young trumpeter dropped his sleepy, almond-shaped eyes in self-defense against the keen piercing glance of the mystic. He was no fool, despite his apparent bucolism, and had seen from the first the drift of the fakir's conversation. Hence his pose as a rustic simpleton.

'I have heard of such evil follies from my grandfather, the Risaldar,' he replied meaningly; 'but we of Tarn Taran have never been disloyal to our salt.'

*King George V.

'Take heed that you never are,' replied the fakir sternly, 'and watch Anath Bhose, for by that path lieth honor and promotion. You understand?'

'Without doubt. Opium and rum may be rare in wartime, but am I a child or an Infantry mud-foot to be bribed or deceived? At seventeen we of the Cavalry have wedded our woman and broken our horse, or, as some say of the Cavalry, wedded our horse and broken our woman — else a fool.'

'You speak discreetly,' said the fakir, rising, 'and if rum and opium are rare in times of trouble, more rare are loyalty and love! All and each are more common in years of fatness. Be vigilant and be honorable as befits your youth and your breeding, and now, farewell, little husband of the horse!'

'Farewell, little prattler of your honor!' cried the small, mimicking *chela* viciously, 'and here, take back your two-anna bit; it's a bad one!'

'Hush, Buddhoo,' said the fakir reproachfully. 'Discourtesy does not help us in our search after reality. Like other things, it is Folly and Illusion. Rise, clasp my hand, and come.'

'One thing I forgot,' jerked the trumpeter, as, with his left foot in the stirrup, he hopped madly upon the right in a frantic endeavor to mount the big dancing mare — 'one thing only, and that is: Great Wisdom, Great Cunning, and Great Folly meet daily together at the Monkey Temple about the hour of the evening meal; so look you to it, for the guardian of that shrine is our friend.' With which esoteric remark he scrambled into the saddle and trotted away.

ITALY AND THE WAR

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

THREE years ago Italy entered the war. Italy drew her sword, and drew it in a dark hour for the Allied outlook, on behalf of two fine old Italian causes — the unity of her people and the freedom of Europe.

It was no easy choice. Thirty years of Italian foreign policy collapsed like a house of cards when Rome, to the eternal honor of her statesmen, refused to be dragged by Berlin and Vienna into a war of naked aggression. The moral condemnation of Germany's policy, thus pronounced by her own ally with a full knowledge of all the facts, fixed once and for all the responsibility for the war upon the Wilhelmstrasse and the Ballplatz.

But neutrality soon proved for Italy an impossible halfway house. It involved sacrifices almost as heavy as war, and yet produced no benefits; and it entailed the risk of an isolation that would shut Italy out from the resettlement of Europe if the Allies won, and expose her to the full fury of German and Austrian vengeance if the Allies were defeated.

It was no mere balancing of loss and gain, however, that decided Italy's course. With the blight of Teutonic influence removed, aspirations, long checked, but never abandoned, sprang into ardent life again, the national vision gained a clearer and wider outlook, and the consciousness steadily deepened of all that Italy owed to herself and to civilization.

Only in a most secondary sense was Italian intervention the result of dip-

lomatic bargaining. Calculation, the weighing of material possibilities, the lust for power and territory, had as little to do with it as they had with our own plunge into the arena. It was the outcome, above and beyond everything else, of an irresistible popular demand — a demand that forced a way through many internal difficulties, that rejected all Prince von Bülow's bribes and solicitations, and that took its stand on the firm principle that duty made further neutrality both a moral crime and a political blunder. If ever there was the unselfish act of a great-hearted nation, this was one.

Italy then entered the war, a valiant and valued ally. She entered it with a high heart, after ten months of anxious deliberation, knowing well, as none of us knew in August 1914, what modern war is like and what horrors and sacrifices it entails, but thrilled with the conviction that honor and self-preservation compelled her to embrace them. She entered it, too, at a moment when the enemy's star was in the ascendant, when the Russian advance had been thrust back, and when in consequence all the Allies on the western front were called upon to redouble their efforts.

We should be forgetful and ungrateful indeed, if we did not recall the new hope and vigor that Italy's decision breathed through the struggling League of Liberty. It was by far the most inspiriting event that had happened since the German rush upon

Paris was foiled and beaten back. And we in Great Britain, who were bound to Italy by old and tried affections, who sympathized with her to a man in her heroic fight for independence, who had watched with the deepest admiration her progress in national strength and security, and who knew of no Italian interest that was not also a British interest — we hailed the good news, as well we might, with especial gladness.

It was what we had all hoped for since the war began — that Italy should join with us in rescuing European civilization, and that we should join with her in laying broad and deep the foundations of the Greater Italy of the future. Those twin aims still represent our common task. We are striving together for a Europe liberated from the oppression of one people by another. And one decisive test of our success will be whether the Italian flag, when the war is over, floats wherever the Italian tongue and Italian traditions exist, and whether a finally and completely reunited nation, its frontiers at last secure, is able to renew in the Adriatic, the Near East, and Asia Minor the glories and prestige of Genoa and Venice.

It was a tidal wave of popular insistence, the culmination of months of heaving agitation, that swept Italy into the war. There were a score of solid and seemingly insuperable reasons why she should remain neutral. Neutrality meant peace and prosperity — and Italy, long poor and disunited, stood on the very threshold of a great industrial expansion. Signor Giolitti, the master technician of Italian politics, was against war. So was the Vatican. So was no small part of the aristocracy. So were the merchants and traders who were in the

grip of German finance. So were the Socialists. So were quiet, substantial folk throughout the peninsula. But no combination could withstand the flame of popular passion. Led by d'Annunzio, the masses saw in the crisis the alternative of national subjection to Teutonism or war, of abandoning forever or fighting to secure their union with the Italians across the borders, of the easy path to a gilded servitude or of the hard road to freedom and honor; and with an irresistible impulse they made the higher choice.

For three years Italy has kept a million Austrian troops engaged on her frontiers; she has fought a mountain warfare of incredible difficulty with surpassing courage; she played a brilliantly effective part in rescuing the Serbian armies; she has borne her full share of the naval struggle in the Adriatic; by subscribing to the Pact of London and declaring war not only on Austria, but on Turkey, Bulgaria, and Germany, she has linked herself indissolubly with the fortunes of the Allies; there was a time when she had blasted her way to within twelve miles of Trieste, and though the reverse of last autumn destroyed many hopes and plans, it has also brought out the finest qualities in the Italian people, and welded the nation, as nothing else could, to resist the invader's further advance.

A poor country, a coalless country — she has had to cut down her olive trees to make fuel for her munitions factories — and a wheat-importing country, Italy has suffered with a severity such as we in Great Britain can hardly conceive. The more reason, therefore, why we should proclaim that we are with her to the end, and that her interests are ours.

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS, B.C.

'WHEN the League of Nations,' said Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P., on January 22, 1918, 'with its necessary machinery becomes an indispensable part of the national and international life, then, and then only, will it be possible for a world democracy to go forward to the full realization of its prosperity.'

There is less in a League of Nations than is dreamed of in Mr. Henderson's philosophy, or even in that of President Wilson, as Sir. F. E. Smith showed in his address to the New York Bar on January 11th. How is the question of Military Service to be settled, since if one Power has it and another has not, the weak will always be at the mercy of the strong? Or the Freedom of the Sea, when Land Powers might outvote Sea Powers? What of the alteration of frontiers and nationalities in the course of history? Or the problems of the Air, when 'peaceful' factories could turn out in secret unlimited quantities of war material? And if elementary questions such as these are unanswerable, what becomes of your League of Nations?

The League of Nations is no modern idea: it was tried nearly 2,500 years ago and found wanting. Go from Naples to Paestum, a *Life of Piranesi* in your hand, and you will see the most wonderful remains of Greek architecture extant with the exception of the temples at Athens. Among them are the remains of a Doric Basilica which Piranesi etched and called the House of the Amphictionic Council. That Council was the League of Nations of the democracies

of the Ancient World, and its history is not without interest.

But, you say, those Ionians, Dorians, Phocians, Thessalonians, Magnesians and the rest who formed the League were not nations, but municipalities. In size, perhaps; but nations they were in days when it took as long to go from Athens to Messene or from Platea to Pella as it takes to go from London to New York. The world was smaller then, and analogies must be founded on position and not on population. Everything is relative. What happened when this Council tried to enforce its own rules? Look at its history, and remember that in the days of its greatest activity Demosthenes called it the shadow of a shade. Mr. Henderson will please note that.

The Council of the Amphictionic League was made up of representatives of twelve tribes, each with two votes. It met twice a year; at Delphi in the spring, at Anthela near Thermopylae in the autumn. Its duties were to watch over the interests of the Temple of Delphi and the Sacred Land; to regulate the relations of the leagued states in peace and war; to act as arbitrator; to take charge of roads and bridges; to arrange loans from the Treasury — and a levy on capital was not an unheard-of measure on its part; to supervise the Pythian Games; to erect public monuments, one to Gorgias the orator, for instance, one to the heroes of Thermopylae; to adjust quarrels between members of the League, as in the case of the complaint of the Plateans about the boastful inscription set up by Sparta

on the monument at Delphi commemorating the battle of Platæa; to punish offenders against international law, as in the judgment passed on Ephialtes for his treachery in showing the Persians the secret path over the hills which enabled them to destroy Leonidas and his Immortals. It possessed the right of sanctuary, of which Orestes took advantage; it exempted religious bodies from military service. The Amphictionic oath bound each state not to level an offending city to the earth and not to cut off the water supply from a belligerent; the oath thus contemplated a state of war as anything but abnormal. And how was the oath carried out? Look at the history of the First Sacred War: the very name is an irony. The city of Crisa levied dues on the pilgrims who passed through its land to consult the Delphic Oracle, the Amphictionic Council declared a Holy War, and, after a favorable response from Apollo proceeded to divert the water supply, poison it with hellebore, and make a way into the weakened city, which was thereupon leveled with the ground: the Crisæan plain was laid waste with such 'frightfulness' that it was still a scene of desolation in the days of Hadrian, six centuries later.

Here, then, the Council, to gain its private ends and the political support of the Oracle, deliberately violates the provisions of its own oath—treats them as Scraps of Paper—and 'mitigates the horrors of war'—its official function—by employing the foulest means against its foes. Take the case of Platæa again, when she had offended Thebes. Both were members of the League, yet because one is strong and the other weak, Platæa must go under. The Platæan prisoners are put to the sword, their

city—the savior of Greece at Marathon—is destroyed, and their territory confiscated: the story is in Thucydides.

The decrees of the Amphictionic Council were indeed enforced when the interests of a powerful party were not involved. In the days of Cimon, the Dolopians, the safe return of whose ships had been guaranteed by the League, charged the people of Scyros with piracy for attacking those ships, and the offenders were duly punished. A century later, again, the Spartans were fined for besieging the Cadmea or citadel of Thebes. But it was the fatal weakness of the League, as of any later League of Nations, that powerful integral states could flout its judgments. Sparta did so; and an Athenian decree actually exists in which an Amphictionic decree is declared invalid, in spite of the fact that the League's status as arbitrator was never questioned, and was accepted even in the case of Athens and Delos, as it was later by the semi-barbarous powers of Macedonia, in that both Philip and Alexander brought their Greek opponents before the Amphictions, instead of forcing them away to Macedonia for trial.

The voting powers of every state in the League were, nominally, equal; yet it was Athens and Sparta who fell out over the question of the exclusion from the League of states which had had dealings with the Persians, and it was the stronger power that won.

This Association of democratic neighboring states, with their representatives meeting at a common centre to transact the business of the League and to celebrate religious rites, with its record of international law, its binding oaths, its claim to arbitrate, so as to ameliorate the horrors of war, its nominal equality

of great and small, its plea for self-determination among smaller states, its guarantees against the abuse of power, presents an extraordinary parallel to the Hague Conference on the one hand and to the proposed League of Nations on the other. The result was just what might have been expected. Powerful democracies used the League for their own purposes, observed or ignored their obligations to suit themselves; there was no redress. Let those who hanker for a League of Nations recall the history of the democratic Amphictionic League; see it becoming the instrument of one powerful party after another, breaking its own laws, its own oaths; see Delphi itself taking vengeance on Crisa, Thebes on Phocis, Thespiae, and Platæa; Argos on Mycenæ, and see what comes of it in the end. As the First Sacred War had disclosed one member-city poisoning the waters of another and razing its walls to the ground, so the Second Sacred War showed the same cynical Welt-politik, followed in this instance by the tragedy of Chæronea and the rise of Macedon. In the middle of the fourth century B.C., Thebes, having been successful in getting the Spartans fined for their seizure of the Cadmea, saw an opportunity of using the League in the same way against the rival state of Phocis. A number of prominent Phocians were fined for alleged sacrilege, the League decreeing that if the fine were not paid within the time prescribed, their lands should be confiscated for the benefit of Delphi. Thereupon the Phocians seized Delphi itself; the League met at Thermopylæ and decided that an Amphictionic army should rescue the sacred city, whose treasures were being used by the Phocians to purchase new allies in

the North. Thessaly, threatened by this move, turned for help to Philip of Macedon, and thus changed the history of the world. While Demosthenes urged the cause of liberty and thundered out his Philippics, warning the Athenians of the intention of Macedon to subjugate all Greece, the League went on as usual. The board of temple builders met at Delphi; the Amphictionic Council — with the trifling exception of the anti-Phocian states — assembled as before; Dorians and Ionians sat side by side and talked and talked and talked in the peaceful Council Chamber, and held the Pythian Games; while the world outside was a welter of blood and confusion brought on it by the League.

The crazy Declaration of London was the fruit of the Hague Conference; the rise of Macedon the fruit of the Amphictionic League. By their fruits ye shall know them is as true of Leagues and Conferences as of men and states. Has the experience of the past no value for the future? Are we like the Bourbons, forever learning nothing, but, unlike them, forever forgetting? If so, we shall form and rely upon a League of Nations and talk and talk and talk, and cry out, when it is too late, for the regretted whips of independent states in place of the scorpions of 'Allies' in a League of Nations who work in secret and reward us openly with the penalties of a stupidity born of sloppy sentimentality, the offspring of self-deception.

Fear God and learn to take your own part, said George Borrow of the ancient city of Norwich. Not bad advice! If followed it will be more likely to prevent wrongdoing than will reliance on the insincerities of a League of Nations.

THE TURKS THROUGH GERMAN EYES*

BY REINHARD WEER

ANYONE who has been thrown with Turkish troops in Galicia, Macedonia, or Rumania and has employed his time aright, has gained more insight into the Turkish military system, organization, customs, and ways of thinking — in a word, into the spirit of Turkey — than the many who seek an understanding of its essence in Constantinople. The metropolis is European, a thoroughly cosmopolitan annex to the Ottoman Empire, an outpost far from the roots of Turkish strength and utterly dominated by west European influences — which, let us hope, are gradually being supplanted by those of Mitteleuropa. In Galicia, Macedonia, and Rumania the Turks were absolutely unconstrained even while under German command (which worked well for them). At all events they were more naturally themselves than in the capital of the realm. It is true that one cannot study Turkish strategy there; the facilities open to the German army are far too meagre for that purpose. As soldiers, however — as human beings, as brothers in arms, as devout Mussulmans, as cordial and warmly hospitable friends — in all these relations one can become better acquainted with the Turks through the expeditionary forces at the European front than in any other way. There the Ottoman individuality is presented as clearly as if framed in a picture or cut in relief and raised upon a pedestal. In Galicia, Rumania, and Macedonia,

he who understands how to do it, gets to know our Turkish ally with most impressive distinctness.

It seems axiomatic that every German must make his own mistakes with Orientals. They are apparently like certain ailments of childhood, only still more inevitable, unescapable. Moltke, von der Golz, Else Kamphöver have tried prophylactics, have said and written much that is worthy of being taken to heart, but the fruit of their labors has been slight. It seems to be an almost hard and fast rule that a German in the Orient must first go through the process, often a painful one, of breaking off his western horns. When he has done that, then he is — ready for a summons home, since he has demonstrated his uselessness in the East? Far from it! Precisely then he is available and adapted to the Orient — especially to the Turks; then he has begun to show promise of being serviceable in the East. Then he has learned that he may not take the initiative, and this negative way is, as experience teaches, the only possible, the only right one. We are not yet ready for the positive method which Moltke, Golz, and Else Kamphöver wanted to teach us. You North Germans, who have scraped off the horns of your Prussian-Berlin arrogance — you Bavarians, who have come to grief with your peculiar variety of self-conceit, which the Turks do not in the least appreciate — all you who have thoroughly 'put your foot in it' with your sense of the

*Translated from *Deutsche Stimmen*.

superiority of the German officer, or functionary, or merchant, with your know-it-all attitude, your persistence, your smart talk, your pomposity, your lack of moderation, or whatever else your blunder may have been—you all, I say, from now on are the right people for the Turks. You have your own antitoxin, and are with reasonable certainty proof against later blunders in the Orient.

There are some, indeed, who are incorrigible. Permit me to digress a moment into anecdote. A major in the artillery was commissioned to take several Turkish staff officers on a tour of the German 'inner front,' showing them the Krupp works at Essen and at Kiel, the great chemical plants, and more of the same nature. One Sunday, for which he happened to have no engagement, he found himself in a large city in western Germany undecided how to occupy his free time. He sought advice from a man who knew the Turks well. The latter had already made his own silent observations, had discovered that the major enjoyed gazing upon the wine glass, and that the Turkish gentlemen, who happened to be of more austere inclination (for there are others), found little pleasure in it, became thoroughly bored over their glasses of lemonade or soda water while their guide was deep in a confidential chat with his drinking pals. Accordingly, the inquirer received the suggestion of visiting some of the historic buildings dating from the Middle Ages in which that region abounds, or of taking a trip to the battlefields of the Franco-Prussian War, or of making an inspection of a great fortress—all things which would give great pleasure to the Turks and be very interesting to them, for they are always eager for information and in quest of knowledge. Two days later the officer

telephoned the friend who had advised him: 'Look here, what you proposed to me the other day was nothing but tiresome piffle! I did something quite different—drove with my "Turkish nuisances" * to Assmannshausen and sat me down in the "Krone." They have an elegant brew there, I can tell you. My old Turks did n't join in, though; they sat looking out of the windows at the Rhine. . . .' The man must have been one of the incorrigibles, who would go through their whole lives perfectly willing that both the Near and the Far East should remain inaccessible.

The German who comes to the East on an official errand regards himself as a sort of demi-god. 'You can't show me how to do anything' is his fixed *reservatio mentalis*. Now the demi-god finds, to his astonishment, a very cool reception, experiences one disillusion after another, turns away in anger from those whom he was desired to regard as friends, seeks and obtains his prompt recall home. One should be very wary and distrustful of gentlemen whom he hears discussing Turkish affairs after they have been among the Turks a short time and have speedily returned. They are demi-gods who are in a bad temper, and the less the hearer believes them, the nearer he will be to the truth.

But the Turks are nevertheless so cold, so inconceivably unresponsive, and often so offensively suspicious? There is some truth in the suggestion—but whose fault is it that it has become so? They stand perpetually under the evil spell of the thought that we (according to occidental custom) come to the Orient only for adventure. That is so only for a time, however; the shell of distrust, cool-

*A play on words; the original means also 'old tipplers.'

ness, reserve, with which the Turk protects himself, partly from tradition, partly from the wariness which is his nature, is bound to be broken through. What appears beneath the shell is the good faithful Turkish heart, which is thoroughly worthy of western friendship and affection. It is true that one last bit of strangeness will always remain: we shall never be able to comprehend the Orientals utterly; the fundamental difference between their blood and ours is too great for that. But what care we for this last tiny fragment of a good thing when we know ourselves to be in secure possession of the largest and best portion of it?

One of the sure bonds between us and the Ottoman Empire, and one of the most dependable securities for Turkish constancy we behold in the reverence of the Turks for our Kaiser and his house. This reverence has in it something of childlike faith, something of adoration. The Turks never forget how the Kaiser has shown deference and friendship for all Islam by his Oriental journey. On the Kaiser's birthday in 1917, my Turkish division commander, an able thirty-five-year-old lieutenant colonel, said at table in his speech in honor of the occasion: 'We love your Kaiser more than we can express in words. If Germany will only have faith in the honesty of our feelings! Your Kaiser's joy is our joy likewise; his suffering our suffering. May Allah protect him, give joy to him and to us, shield him and us from harm.'

It is hard for foreigners to understand the feeling the Turks have for the dynasty. They show great reserve in this direction; only in official discourses and prayers is the Padishah named at all. Among many indeed the belief in the divine origin of the prince is firm and unalterable, in

spite of the shocks such a faith must have experienced during the revolution. Singularly enough, the old Sultan who was deposed still enjoys a considerable amount of reverence even among officers and politicians who openly bore the standards of rebellion against him. A major of the field artillery, who stood out conspicuously as an enthusiastic young Turk at the beginning of the movement and at the first uprising, when he trained his Krupp field cannon on the Sultan's palace — this officer spoke of him in words of the deepest respect even while at the same time he is one of the most devoted followers of Enver Pasha and the new Ottoman régime. Sons of the deposed Sultan are in the Turkish army, receive honor shown to princes, and altogether get ahead at a princely rate. Revolutionary Turkey has openly put itself on thoroughly friendly terms with the monarchical principle.

Anyone who has seen the Turks in battle knows that they are brave. They are more than brave, prodigal of their lives to the point of foolhardiness. The violence of their attack is magnificent, irresistible; and with hand grenades and knives they are perhaps the best soldiers in the world. Their fatalism helps them: 'If Allah has ordained that I shall fall, then fall I shall, whether I be courageous or a coward; wherefore it is better to display courage, for mine own renown and that of my kindred.' If, for all that, the Turks have sometimes failed and still fail to achieve the results in battle which one might have been led by their bravery to expect, one reason is that in the wars of the last decade the Turkish warrior folk have had frightful losses. The real soldier of Turkey, the warrior *par excellence*, is the Anatolian of Asia Minor. We can hardly realize

the price in blood which this people has paid in recent years; their impetuous, suicidal prodigality has reduced the Anatolians by almost half. Such sacrifice of the military caste cripples and weakens a people. A Turkish division commander upon whose staff I served for a time, received a farewell letter from the German commander of a neighboring division, a veteran who had grown gray in the Congo service, upon his retirement. The letter said, among other things: 'I have come to feel, my dear Herr Lieutenant Colonel, the greatest admiration of the bravery of your people. When your gallant soldiers have learned further to conceal themselves when it is necessary, to save their lives as long as possible in order to be able to act regardlessly when the moment does present itself — when they have once learned this they will be the best soldiers in the world, whether among those of equal or superior rank.' Those were wise words, which did not fail of their result. Much appreciation and gentle admonition — that is the way in which something can be accomplished without offense to Turkish pride and injury to sensitive Turkish feelings.

The Turk is a natural fighter, a warrior born. But the young Turkish régime is laboring to make its warriors into soldiers. Among the officers this bravery is combined with an astonishing zest for action and delight in enterprise. In January of this year our corps commander in Galicia and I selected the location for Station No. 2, which was about to be built, and which was utilized in the summer months. It was characteristic of the Turks the way he urged and presented reasons for his opinion about the layout of the new trench lines, the way he always knew how to recognize the essential and give it promi-

nence, the way he lay down at any moment on the damp earth and in the snow in order to get a view of the field as it would present itself to the infantry in the trench. He was a man with whom it was a delight to work. His subaltern, my division commander, made it his invariable practice to spend several days and nights every few months at a post in the trenches; if possible, in cold or rainy weather, and in the most exposed positions at the front. There is obviously room for difference of opinion whether that sort of thing is part of the duty of a division officer, and I am far from desiring to recommend such conduct for imitation — nevertheless, all honor to the zeal and the personal conception of service of a man in high position who voluntarily subjects himself to such hardship. And even though such methods may strike us as soldierly extravagance, nevertheless we must not underestimate their very real practical value. Who can doubt that an upper officer who keeps guard himself gets quite a different kind of acquaintance with trench life in all its severity and monotony from that of the well-dressed gentleman at Staff Headquarters who seems so far removed from danger? And what deepening of knowledge of mankind and its mental processes, what gains in little soldierly experiences one who is desirous of learning may acquire (particularly if he is a Turk) by such intercourse with enlisted men! The officer of whom I spoke made a practice of narrating, in quite a charming way, the new experiences which this opportunity brought him. A little example follows — one which throws a strong light on Turkish self-confidence. He had taken up his post with a common soldier at an exposed position about twenty-four metres in front of the

Russian trenches and had been at some pains to convince the man that he was really the division commander and not a mere subaltern. 'I said to the soldier,' he explained, "'Tell me now, if the Russians come and attack us, which of us will be the braver, I, the officer, or you private Ibrahim?'" The soldier considered a moment and then said quietly, "I." I was surprised at this answer, and asked, "How do you know that, son? You see I also have a gun and hand grenades, and will resist as well as you when they come; and you do not know how brave I am or how well I shall shoot." The soldier reflected further and then said slowly, almost solemnly, "No one in the world is braver than I!" You see, my dear German friend, this answer silenced me; yet, if one may say so, I was glad to be silenced thus.'

That is so characteristic of the Turkish soldier — with unbounded faith in himself yet in this confidence, and because of it, almost unconquerable. The man who was quoted was a simple Anatolian mountain peasant, but it is not so very different with officers. Another little instance: The staff officer of our division, called chief of staff by the Turks, was a small man of twenty-eight years, very intelligent and energetic, but also unbelievably conceited. In accordance with his request he had been transferred to Macedonia to take charge of a little independent division of troops. He wrote in his first letter from there: 'I have a heterogeneous detachment here with every kind of weapon. It is made up of three battalions, two squadrons, two batteries — a small detachment indeed, but supreme in training and bravery — a veritable Rasim detachment.' His own name was Rasim, and to designate his division thus was from his point of view

the highest praise that could be conferred upon it. One has to see for himself in order to be able to believe how the little insignificant-looking man keeps his subordinates in awe and subjection; the officers literally tremble before him.

Of the Anatolians, the Turkish warrior race *par excellence*, we have already spoken. The praise of their proficiency does not exclude that of other races which fight under the Turkish flag. How various in nature, race, and speech are these nationalities the mere enumeration of the most important shows: Albanian, Macedonian, Caucasian, Kurd, Tartar, Levantine, Arab. The last named is the most numerous. The Turks regard themselves as overlords; it is quite legitimate for them to reinforce their depleted ranks with Albanians and Macedonians. Their wives, the Turks, especially the officers and men of rank, prefer to get from among the Caucasians. From the intermarriage they are rearing a tall and singularly handsome race of men. The Kurds, Tartars, and Levantines they regard with contempt, and they are a little afraid of the Arabs. It appears that the size of the Arab population is rather threatening to Turkish suzerainty. The self-assurance of the Arabs almost surpasses even that of the Turks. 'The Turks are a great people, the Germans are greater, but the greatest of all are the Arabs,' a high officer said to me. His beautiful black eyes with their half-wild look showed him to be an Arab. Ordinarily the race is seldom represented among the upper officers. The relations between Turks and Arabs are so strained that they cannot be understood without thorough investigation. European hands cannot and should not interfere.

All things considered, the critical

aspect of the friendly relations between Germany and Turkey is that of the German ambition to instruct the Ottomans with the purpose of helping them. This zeal often goes too far. With somewhat less insistence more would be accomplished. We should learn from the Turkish placidity and reserve, and make a practice of showing greater self-restraint to-

ward them along with the friendly interest which is essential. In Galicia there was an officer of the German general staff, Count W., with the Turkish forces there as joint commander. His understanding was absolutely perfect of how best to combine kindness and reserve, sympathy and watchful suspicion, so as to win the Turks.

BARTIMEUS

BY KLAXON (R.N.)

I ONCE heard a naval officer, as he laid down his copy of an *Olympian Review*, remark that in view of the fact that everything he read concerning his own job appeared so full of errors, he supposed other specialized people must notice the same thing; and that therefore everything written about anything must be nonsense. His conclusion may have been somewhat sweeping, but it is certainly true that there is more nonsense written about the navy than there is about most things. I suppose this is to be expected—as the navy is a popular theme and an ignorant public will swallow a great deal on the subject if it is served up in a 'breezy' and popular way. There are many authors who have the style and the skill, and there are many officers with the technical knowledge and experience, but it is rare to find both qualities combined in one person. 'Bartimeus,' if he was a civilian, would still be an author, and if he was not an author now he would remain

a technically efficient officer. He passes the greatest test of all those a naval writer has to face—the cold criticism of the ward room—expressed perhaps in the gushing encomium of a messmate:

I think this yarn here must be about the Alsace's ward room—it looks just like it. It's not half a bad yarn—not silly, anyway. Who? Oh, yes—I know him. He was my term in the Britannia. Would never have thought he had it in him."

If a naval author can have that said of him by other officers, he has reached the pinnacle of the Fleet's approbation, and can turn with relief to the far easier task of appealing to the reading public of England.

'Bartimeus' was a known and well-known author before the war, but his admirers have multiplied exceedingly since it began. It was the same with Ian Hay, and I suppose these two writers are now the typical literary representatives of the services in the greatest war of history. Curiously enough they both represent

their messmates in a way which, certainly in the case of 'Bartimeus,' has called forth the wrath of a number of critics. They say of 'Bartimeus' (Mr. Punch's Learned Clerk was a typical instance in his review of *The Long Trick*) that he is too idealistic — that all his geese are swans, and his battles victories — that he has shown us no bad side or unpleasantness in his characters — (I should, at this point, interpolate the fact that Mr. Punch, shortly after his review, made the *amende honorable* in a neat little poem which reversed his previous decision). But what do these critics want? In the chapter of *The Long Trick* in which 'Bartimeus' gives a really wonderful word picture of the sailor ashore, taking us with him from London to the northern base, would they prefer him to observe for us with the eye of a Zola, or note with the pen of Boccaccio? Surely we have got rid of the unhealthy and decadent style — so-called 'realistic' — which was the pre-war vogue? One of the mercies of war has been the tearing away of shams and the old childish trick of 'showing off'; we have got down to a simpler, cleaner way of living, reading, or writing, and it is noticeable that the war-born authors are eagerly read, though they show a fibre of Christianity so simple as to be almost pagan, while the pre-war literary butterflies — the froth of an hysterical and overcrowded civilization — have slipped back into a decent obscurity. Ibsen is a realist of the Zola model — Shaw a 'clever' man — but 'Bartimeus' is read as 'Pickwick' is read, by a nation which likes to feel as it reads, 'Of course — that's just what he would have done — *I* would have, anyway.' It is possible that the reader as he thinks in that strain is overestimating his own personality, but there is no harm in

that. No — the navy is clean and athletic, and if it is to be written about, let it be done in 'Bartimeus's way.

I believe the feature one notices most in his writings is the trick he has of making the reader feel that he is not only present but acting in and enjoying the scenes depicted. The scenes may be simple but they are real. The children's journey in the picket boat to the ship's party — the officers' gig's crew at practice — the 'scrap' in the mess on the ward room guest night — it is all silly and simple and ordinary, but the reader looks up from the closed book with the tang of salt air in his nostrils and the glare of the electric lamps reflected from white enamel still dancing before his eyes — to sigh as he finds himself still in the close atmosphere of a city.

The army produces ten authors to the navy's one. In peace time this may be because the navy is a world to itself, that trains children in a rigid technical groove and never gives them the chance to branch out in any side issues. But in war it is a result to be expected, for the navy is still composed of regulars, whereas the army now includes every trade there is. 'Bartimeus' is a regular, and perhaps if it had not been for the story which lies behind his pen name, he would never have written us books at all. That story and the spirit of it — a spirit which never admits defeat — runs through every line that he has written. He gives us the types he knows and respects — the quick-brained, keen and laughing specimen of physical fitness that is the naval officer of to-day, and the wonderful, clear-eyed children that make the officers' wives. In the latter characters I think he is at his best — and it is certainly strange to think of the

way in which women such as these leave their comfortable homes to follow the fortunes of their wandering husbands, waiting patiently and anxiously (to quote from, I think, *A Tall Ship*) amidst 'the smell of cooking in the entrance halls of Sheerness lodging houses.' But then women are very incomprehensible.

There have been rumors that 'Bartimeus' is to write a play — please heaven he won't be collaborated with too much or 'improved' by the producer. Let us have the navy-on-the-stage without conventional artificialities, and let us see the real navy portrayed with all its 'Custom of the Service' and old-world traditions side by side with its youth and cheerfulness. There is no greater subject and there is none more difficult. No author can do it justice unless he is himself one of the great fraternity.

Robert Louis Stevenson, in what is perhaps his most perfect essay, tells us what he thinks our Admirals should be like — big-hearted simple children, that 'love war as a mistress,' and, to misquote from *Admirals All*,

The Bookman

I think the writings of 'Bartimeus' should tend to send the 'clerk back to his bookkeeping and double entry with a better heart and higher spirit.' The navy has had to read a great deal of trash in recent years about itself, whether laudatory or sneering, and it deserves better recognition from the nation it guards. It does not want adulation, or to be written of at all, but the descriptions of 'Bartimeus' — humorous, kindly, and in its own spirit — are welcomed and approved. A service which can indite such a delightful piece of reporting as '*Have taken or destroyed all the enemy ships on this coast — as per margin*,' is not one with a reputation for talking, so that an author who receives the seal of its approbation is to be congratulated on his skill in having pleased both his lay and his technical critics. As long as 'Bartimeus' writes as he does, for so long is he safe from the wrath of the Young Doc and the Indiarubber Man, and sure of the kindly oath and insult that greet a friend, in every mess into which his wanderings may lead him.

WARTIME FINANCE

THE MASTERY OF CAPITAL

He who controls capital controls the economic life of a country. He can, by withholding financial assistance, bring this man to ruin; he can, by granting financial assistance, make that man flourish. Nor is his influence limited to individuals. He can facilitate large economic tendencies; he can, for example, encourage or discourage the growth of 'big business,'

the trust, and correspondingly discourage or encourage 'small business,' the independent trader or producer. The influence of the master of capital extends beyond individuals and classes; it reaches to the state, to society as an organized political whole. Quite apart from those vulgar arts, commonly supposed to be practised most dramatically on the American continent, by which legislatures and execu-

tives are affected and policies induced, the master of capital possesses the immense power to impose his will upon the state implied in his power to withhold help when it is urgently needed, or to derange the economic machinery of the country. In a very important sense the mastery of a country's capital is the mastery of that country. In a modern state the control of capital is in the hands of the banks. They gain it in two ways — first, through their own subscribed or accumulated capital; secondly, through their deposits, the accumulated resources of their clients, the mass of the people, which they command. In Germany the great banks relied for many years upon the first of these, and only in recent years have they begun to be banks of deposit on a considerable scale. That in part explains the boldness of their financial operations in relation to industry and commerce. In England the great banks depend for their power upon the deposits of their customers. Their own share capital, never large in relation to their deposits, has fallen since 1890 from 18 per cent to 6 per cent. That in part explains the relative timidity, or 'orthodoxy' or 'conservatism,' as some prefer to name it, of English banking in relation to industry and commerce. Clearly, if all the banks in England amalgamated into one single bank, or if they were reduced to a very few great banks, then the mastery of English capital, with all it involves, would rest with the small number of individuals who happened to be the directors of that bank or those banks. They would to a very large extent be the rulers of England.

A few months ago the Government was suddenly seized in some measure of the significance of this elemental fact, and it appointed a committee to

look into it. That committee reports that English banking is passing through a phase of amalgamation which conceivably might soon bring into being a banking monopoly, a 'money trust' against which individual business men, the Bank of England, and even the Government itself might prove impotent. The early amalgamations united banks in different areas, and so tended to give mobility to the resources of the country. The amalgamations of to-day are largely of institutions overlapping territorially, the tendency of which is to reduce competition and consolidate the financial power of a few individuals. It is said that these great amalgamations are necessary to finance great business. But it should be observed that amalgamations do not create capital, so that they would only divert it. Again, it is questioned whether English banks without such amalgamations as have excited comment and apprehension could not have financed 'big business.' Is the trouble the size of our banks or the size of our bankers? It is said, again, that the interest of the bank is identical with that of the community, so that there is nothing to be feared from amalgamations. This is far from convincing. The interest of the directors is not necessarily identical with that of the shareholders, as a little reflection and some study of banking history in this and other countries will show. The interest of the shareholders is not identical with the interest of the depositors; thus in recent amalgamations the shareholders have done well as a result of manipulations which reduce the security of the depositors. The interest of the depositor is not necessarily identical with the interest of the client who borrows. The interest of the client is not necessarily identical with the interest of the commu-

nity — the remotest link in the chain. Plainly, we cannot get comfort when the bank directors who organize amalgamations tell us that they and the community are one and the same thing.

The committee sees a menace and suggests a remedy. Its remedy is that the state should reserve the power to veto open or covert amalgamations, and so secure itself and us against despotism by keeping the mastery of capital split up among several or many hands. So far as it goes that is well enough, though we very much fear that the Government and its present financial bureaucracy have only the foggiest ideas about the place of banking in the life of the state. For that reason the mere negative power of veto is hardly likely to help us. A more positive policy, a constructive policy, is needed to fortify. That can be defined in a few words: the state must itself become a great banking power, which can indicate new paths and by its own weight avert the despotism of a 'money trust' over British capital. A Government which was a great banker would, further, have the knowledge to apply with judgment the power of veto upon amalgamations. Now, the British Government is in a small and miserable fashion a banker. We are not referring, for the moment, to the fact that it saved all the joint-stock banks of England from collapse at the beginning of this war by putting the credit of England behind them without fee or reward. We are referring to the fact that it owns the Post Office Savings Bank. The Post Office Savings Bank has throughout its history been crippled at the dictation of the private banks, who feared and fear its rivalry. They have imposed upon it the chains of the maximum inconvenience — limitations of deposits, limitations of investments, limitations of interest.

That is the reason why the Post Office Bank has grown so little and counts so little in the economic life of the nation. Yet what would the state have given during this war if its own bank had been a great bank? Free the Post Office Bank from its shackles and a great future is assured to an institution which has behind it the credit of the state and an organization which penetrates into the remotest village. That is the true constructive policy for a Government which is genuinely concerned to avert a 'money trust' and the domination of a handful of men over itself and the nation.

The Manchester Guardian

WAR BONDS AND CERTIFICATES

WE remarked the other day upon the sustained yield of the smaller lendings to the nation in spite of the recent falling-off in the sales of War Bonds. Taking War Savings Certificates, Post Office War Bonds, and the increment of deposits in the Post Office and Trustee Savings Banks, the average monthly yield of all three combined during the last four months of 1917 was very substantially less than the actual yield during any one of the first four months of 1918. Though March, owing to the special effort then organized, reached much the highest figure, the figure for April shows an advance on that for February. Indeed during the five weeks ended May 4 last receipts from small investments produced no less than 23.6 per cent of the total moneys subscribed to the Government, excluding Treasury Bills. This remarkable result, which reflects high credit on the patient and far-reaching work organized by the National War Savings Committee, has very important aspects apart from the direct aid which it renders to the state. One may form some idea

of them by considering that, whereas at the beginning of the war the holders of Government securities in this country numbered 345,100, the corresponding total is now 16 $\frac{3}{4}$ millions. Even granting that the 16 $\frac{3}{4}$ millions are not all separate persons, it is clear that national thrift has made long strides, and that the state's credit rests on far broader foundations than was ever before the case in Great Britain.

The fall in the sale of War Bonds of the larger denominations continues; and we fear that no great improvement will be recorded while the uncertainty of military service hangs over the heads of hundreds of thousands of potential investors. We are told that the ultimate percentage taken for the army from the older age-groups will be a very small one; but until it is settled which individuals will go and which will stay, practically the whole

of the membership of these groups is likely to abstain from investment in any but such absolutely liquid securities as War Savings Certificates. This aspect of the matter might well be considered by the Government with a view to expediting medical examinations; so that all who are not border-line cases but assured of military rejection may be definitely classed as rejected with the least possible delay. The situation reminds us once more of the many-sided character of the nation's war requirements and the impossibility of laying a special stress on one side without hampering the others. We are not arguing that the policy of the Man Power Act was wrong in essence; the needs of the army were and are very pressing; but in trying to satisfy them every care must be taken—and has not been taken—to minimize interference with other vital services.

The London Chronicle

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

George Barr McCutcheon's *Shot with Crimson* (Dodd, Mead & Co.) is a story which opens with a fashionable group of people at a New Jersey club, who are startled by the terrifying explosion of a not far away munition factory; and it reaches its climax in the suicide of one of the members of the group who, quite unsuspected, had been active in the German conspiracy which was responsible for the explosion and the killing of hundreds of people. The tragedy which forms the basis of the plot is not an invention of the author, but a fact; the unraveling of the plot is

ingenious and baffling, and not many readers will guess its climax before it is reached. It is cleverly illustrated by F. R. Gruger.

Ernest Poole's *The Dark People* (The Macmillan Co.) is one of the most illuminating of the many books about Russia which have been published since the Tsar was driven from his throne. The author went to Russia last summer to study the chaotic social and political conditions which followed the deposition of the Tsar. He describes the events which led up

to the downfall of Kerensky and the triumph of the Bolsheviks. He was present in Petrograd during the rioting in July, talked freely with leaders of the different factions, mingled with the crowds which thronged the streets, and had a near and intimate view of the revolutionary groups, and, in particular, of the peasants, whom he describes as 'the dark people' and whose aims and ambitions are represented by the Peasants' Council. He does not venture much upon prophecy, but his opinions are not so pessimistic as those of some observers.

'Life at the Front is brutal and terrifying, and yet our soldiers are neither brutalized nor terrorized, for there is something great and noble at the Front which keeps life pure and sweet and the men gentle and chivalrous.' So writes Thomas Tipplady, chaplain to the Field Forces in France, in his Preface to *The Soul of the Soldier* (Fleming H. Revell Co.). The words, and the volume itself are the fruit of a year and a half spent as a 'padre' in and near the trenches, and they will be reassuring to many readers who have been misled by the lurid sensationalism of some newspaper writers. The same spirit prompts this book which was apparent in the author's *The Cross at the Front*. The sketches which compose it depict the soldier as he really is, and the traits, often unguessed before, which show themselves in the stress of imminent and deadly peril. They are written from an intimate personal knowledge, and they are the more moving and appealing because the incidents described are told without exaggeration.

It is a long, varied, and adventurous life, the story of which is told in *My Reminiscences*, by Raphael Pumpelly

(Henry Holt & Co.). Two volumes of reminiscences covering a period of eighty years, and recording experiences in all parts of the world make a very unusual contribution to the literature of travel, exploration, discovery, and adventure. While he was still a boy, Mr. Pumpelly gravitated toward the sciences, especially mining, engineering, and geology; he spent four years of his youth in these studies, at Paris and at Freiberg; made geological explorations in Corsica; had some perilous experiences and some narrow escapes as a manager of mines in Arizona; was engaged for three years in scientific explorations for the Japanese Government; shifting his activities to China, carried on geological investigations in Central, Western, and Northern China, among the Northern coal fields and across the Gobi desert; returned to Europe across Siberia in the dead of winter in 1864; and, after a few comparatively quiet years as Professor of Economic Geology at Harvard, became chief of division of the United States Geological Survey; organized and directed the Northern Transcontinental Survey; made explorations of discovery which led to the development of the iron-ore industry of Michigan and Western Ontario; and directed a physical-geographical and archaeological exploration in Central Asia. But, while his reminiscences relate largely to these explorations and discoveries, the human interest is strong; he recalls incidents of his early childhood, of boyish adventure and parental discipline, of his home life in later years, and of his friendships formed in all parts of the world and among all sorts of people. His story has a flavor all its own, and is full of life and humor. It is generously illustrated from photographs, with numerous maps and three colored plates.

TO THE KAISER'S VICTIMS
BY OWEN SEAMAN

Over the barriers of your dead you climb,
Flung wave on wave across the tortured plain;
And pay for every rood of reeking slime
Its myriad toll of newly slain.

And ever, where your legions on us broke,
Close-packed to give them courage, drugged and driven,
Our line has held as when a forest oak
Rocks to the storm but stands unriven.

How long before the horror grows too grim?

Before you tire of playing the dumb slave's part,
Sent to his death to suit a master's whim,
And something snaps within your heart?

For you have lost the old illusion's spell,
The faith that you were called of Heaven to fight
Against the onset of the lords of hell
Leagued to destroy the sons of light.

Now, when that faith is blown to barren dust,
How long, I wonder, will you care to die,
Having no King whose word a man may trust,
Nor any Cause except a lie?

Pun h

THE GREEN ESTAMINET
BY A. P. H.

The old men sit by the chimney-piece and drink the good red wine
And tell great tales of the *Soixante-Dix* to the men from the English line,
And Madame sits in her old arm-chair and sighs to herself all day—
So Madeleine serves the soldiers in the Green Estaminet.

For Madame wishes the war was won and speaks of a strange disease, And Pierre is somewhere about Verdun, and Albert on the seas; *Le Patron, 'e is soldat too, but long time prisonnier—*
So Madeleine serves the soldiers in the Green Estaminet.

She creeps downstairs when the black dawn scowls and helps at a neighbor's plough
She rakes the midden and feeds the fowls and milks the lonely cow, She mends the holes in the Padre's clothes and keeps his billet gay—

And she also serves the soldiers in the Green Estaminet.

The smoke grows thick and the wine flows free and the great round songs begin,
And Madeleine sings in her heart, may be, and welcomes the whole world in;
But I know that life is a hard, hard thing and I know that her lips look gray,
Though she smiles as she serves the soldiers in the Green Estaminet.

But many a tired young English lad has learned his lesson there, To smile and sing when the world looks bad, 'for, Monsieur, c'est la guerre,' Has drunk her honor and made his vow to fight in the same good way
That Madeleine serves the soldiers in the Green Estaminet.

A big shell came on a windy night, and half of the old house went, But half of the old house stands upright, and Mademoiselle's content; The shells still fall in the Square sometimes, but Madeleine means to stay,
So Madeleine serves the soldiers still in the Green Estaminet.